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Facing the Front

Before all the slide rules are tucked away in desk drawers we need to take account of the success of the racists in the Walsall by-election last week. The combined votes obtained by three anti-immigration candidates certainly ruined any chance of Labour holding the seat; though the Workington result was a useful confirmation that there is still life in the system as we know it. But the sight of Robert McKenzie on television, after the announcement of the Newcastle result, rebuking foreign correspondents for over-playing the rise of extremism in Britain would be merely ridiculous if it were not symptomatic of the 'it can't happen here' school.

Kingsley Read's National Party may have lost the St Jude's Ward by-election in Blackburn only months after his party had won it, but no one can pretend, after Walsall, that Labour voters in the Midlands (such as those in Roy Jenkins's Stechford) are ready to abandon the protest vote and return dutifully to the Labour fold. We have to face the fact, as Lord Salmon observed last Sunday in Liverpool, that crude prejudice born of fear will not just go away if polite people ignore it. Besides, judging by the eagerness with which the Tory press have latched on to the dark winter nights of Peckham as a follow-up to the hot summer of Southall, polite people have no such intention.

The significance of Front-style fascism can never, however, be equated with parliamentary votes. The truly insidious development is that prejudice is now becoming respectable, both in the public bar and the drawing-room. Dislike of the unfamiliar is an instinct we all share; the first African child who saw Livingstone screamed with horror. But over the past months we have reached a new level of racialism, and reversing the tide will become more difficult.

Nevertheless, an over-pessimistic reaction abandons the stage to the defeatists. The Left has always been right to recognise that fascism's purpose is to feed off the displaced and the dispossessed. Its prescription becomes, naturally, more attractive when put forward against a background of measures which attack job security and threaten the whole basis of the welfare state. That is the calculated risk the Government is taking with its present policies. It is not so much that if there are cuts in public expenditure there will be 'rioting in the streets' – it is that there will be blackshirts outside the labour exchanges again, seeking to direct hatred against our non-white fellow-citizens, and having a chance of success.

The NEC of the Labour Party, in alliance with the trade unions, began (in September) a campaign of unity against racism – for instance, a mass demonstration in London on 21 November. In this campaign the Labour Party must not be afraid to argue from its beliefs, simply because socialist explanations happen to be more complex and less immediately attractive than the seductive lies of the extreme Right. To get the facts across it might well be no bad thing to return to the aggressive anti-capitalist stance of the post-war period – inherited now by Mr Tony Benn – even if Mr Healey does feel it might unhinge his foreign suppliers.

With Churchillian vigour some cabinet ministers have called on people to fight racism in the supermarket and to fight it in the bus queue. We can hope that these ministers might do so in person: but also that they are aware that the real causes of our present plight lie elsewhere. Coloured immigrants, welcomed here at a time of labour shortage, now suffer an unemployment rate twice the national average; they have always had a disproportionate share of the dead-end jobs; statistically they contribute more to the welfare state than they take out. Immigrants from the former Commonwealth need look no further than the career structure at Heathrow Airport to see what kind of 'Welcome to Britain' awaits them. Fortunately, those who have recently voted for the extreme Right are unlikely to support all its aims once they realise the implications for everyone. But it will take vigilance, not complacency; clarity of thought rather than street-fighting, to divide the neo-Nazi leadership from its present base. Then at worst we might hope that more of last week's voters for the racist candidates will follow the example of their contemptible martyr, Robert Relf: at least he now votes Tory.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Treason and Plot

Reading Orlando Letelier's article (p. 664) in the course of preparing it for the press, I got the distinct feeling that something was not just walking over my grave, but actually jumping up and down on it, in hobnailed boots. Are the Chicago boys 'champing to be unleashed' here? Have they already been unleashed? Are we also in for a 'shock treatment' in the economy? Or has it not already begun? Certainly Letelier's emphasis on the necessary connection between monetarism and loss of liberty has a chilling quality. The argument is not unheard in Britain itself, on the Left, and there is a large body of opinion (and by 'large body' I do not simply mean Eric Heffer) to the effect that Labour is being deliberately destabilised. Also, that the saboteurs are as much at home as abroad.

For once, the paranoia – if it is paranoia – is not confined to the 'loony' Left. Even before John Pardoe made his accusation against elements in the Treasury, an identical (if anything stronger) claim had been made by Peter Jenkins in the *Guardian*. But the thing that sent the MPs searching through the cellars on Guy Fawkes day was the implication that Pardoe knew the names. This programme, he had said, was not the place to mention them. Well, said the MPs, in that case let us find out who these people are who are using their position in the Treasury to undermine the Labour Government's confidence abroad. The hunt began. There was talk of treason. It occurred to me that if the traitor was found, there would be a clear case for hanging him. Perhaps publicly, in front of the Mint.

Alas, even if a culprit were found, he could not be accused of treason, since treason involves the Queen's enemies, and the Queen hasn't got any (apart from Willie Hamilton). Besides, it soon became clear that Pardoe had somewhat over-stepped the mark, since he did not actually *know* any names. Nevertheless, Pardoe sticks by his story, and it is worth considering the implications of the accusation that the Treasury is giving advice which runs counter to government policy, that it is acting as an independent political agent. When I put this to one Tory financier his reply was: 'Well yes, that would count as an unusual course of action, but it would be no different from, say, Lord Vansittart giving Churchill private information about the German threat in the Thirties.' In other words, the accusation is not considered by the Tories to be wholly immoral and obnoxious – as long, one suspects, as such action is taken in the interests of the Tories.

There have been occasions in the recent past when civil servants have made it plain that they reserve the right to act as independent agents. For instance last year when Callaghan wanted a separate seat at the Energy conference, the Foreign Office gave a press briefing to the effect that, while this might be the Foreign Secretary's personal policy, the FO disagreed with it. In the *Tonight* profile of Eric Varley, that extraordinary programme which showed Varley marching smartly into Covent Garden to the sound of the 'Force of Destiny' overture, Vincent Hanna asked Sir Anthony Part, then, as now, Permanent Secretary at Industry, whether it was true that permanent secretaries 'cannot make an unlikely policy become certain but they certainly can make an unlikely policy become impossible'. Sir Anthony gave this reply:

> Well, I think, yes, a number of my colleagues have had considerable skills in blocking tackles and putting things away for leg-byes and other sporting metaphors and I suppose that it's always possible to put obstacles in the way to the extent that a policy becomes unworkable, but in my view if a government is insistent upon a policy then it's important that they should have that policy.

This is perfectly charming, isn't it. Sir Anthony clearly conceives of himself as a bit of an old liberal when it comes to doing what he's told, oh yes, although mind you some of his colleagues take a more no-nonsense line, what?

Nevertheless, I hear you say, all this is beside the point. If the Montagu Norman of the Seventies did exist, and were discovered, it would make no difference to the attitude of the IMF or our foreign creditors, who, as Mrs Thatcher reminds us *ad nauseam*, are insistent that we set our household accounts in order. Under these circumstances, I hear you say, the view of the Treasury is beside the point.

I hear you say these things, but you are wrong. As Fred Hirsch, an ex-official of the IMF, argued in the *Guardian* last June, the argument that we must do as our foreign creditors say is put forward as an alibi by interested parties at home: 'The external card is the joker in their pack, and it is hardly surprising that they play it.' Professor Hirsch pointed out that, while there was no doubt that strings were attached to IMF loans, a government with a clear policy, in which it firmly believed, had little to fear from an IMF mission. The officials on such missions, people like Alan Whittome, at present in London, are very much more reliant on advice from the Treasury and the Bank of England than is generally supposed. They do not simply go through all the information available and draw their own conclusions. There would be no time to do so. They look both at the information and advice of their opposite numbers in the country involved, and therefore what they report back will reflect this advice.

Professor Hirsch's conclusion, during the June sterling crisis, was that there was indeed a deliberate plot to destroy the Social Contract. 'Today,' he wrote,

> no price is too high in terms of further sterling depreciation and domestic inflation as the last available means to cleave through the compact between a Labour programme and trade union restraint. From the other side of the political fence, that compact is perhaps more worrying when it is achieved than when it is not. It is a risky game. It is being played here at home, and not in Washington, Zurich, or even Lagos.

If this is so, then it is naturally of the utmost importance to discover who is involved in the plot, and to impress upon the Treasury and the Bank of England the nature of the role expected of them in a democracy. It is unfortunate enough that Labour is having to fight the House of Lords to get its legislation through, but, when the institutions which are supposed to serve the Government begin to undermine it, surely it would be worthwhile for Callaghan and Healey to put the frighteners on them. The Prime Minister in his *Panorama* interview did indeed draw a distinction between his own view and that of the Treasury, but he seemed to spend more time washing his hands of responsibility for the Chancellor. I should have thought a few sharp words in public would work like a tonic upon the Treasury traitors, just as Callaghan's threat to withdraw from Nato sent the Foreign Office narks (who had not been told in advance) scurrying around the corridors, wondering what on earth was up.

And it would be interesting, too, to learn just who is manipulating the Treasury leaks, and telling us (on the eve of publication of good news about the Budget deficit for this year) how rottenly we're going to do next year. I'm all in favour of leaks, but I'm against selective leaks. If we're going to be told about the projected Budget deficit, let's also hear some more convincing account of the projected unemployment figures, and the projected fall in real incomes. Then we might be able to judge better the options open to us. Tony Crosland wrote in 1960: 'We shall never, thank goodness, recapture the militant élan of pre-war days – that was the product of Hunger Marches, Distressed Areas, and two million unemployed.' I should like to know whether this statement is still supposed to be true. Isn't two million or more the sort of figure that the Treasury has in mind? Isn't that what the Tories have in mind? Isn't that what monetarism is all about?

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Christopher Price

Labour After the Defeats

The Labour Government has had a rough week and different folk have their several explanations. Denis Healey seems to diagnose a shortage of left-wing loyalty, Paul Johnson a deficiency in socialist achievement. But what the voters of Walsall and Workington detected was something deeper – infirmity of purpose. Not that there is any lack of determination to govern. The Government will go on doing that, if only by courtesy of the minority parties. The Liberals do not want a general election, Mr Powell hates the Conservatives and the Scottish Nationalists want their Assembly.

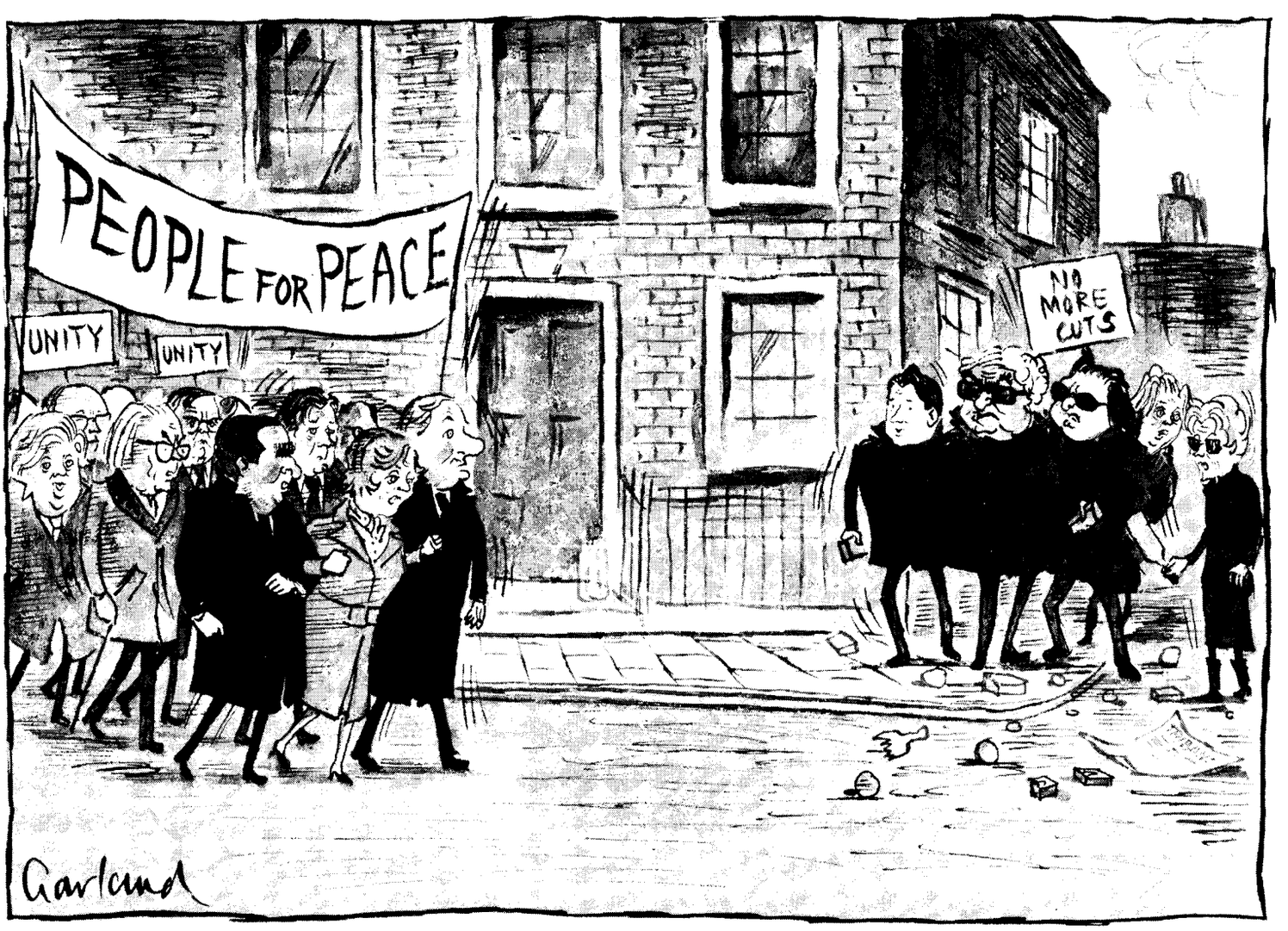
But beyond the tightening of belts and the Dunkirk spirit, there is a strange void. What is it all for? So that one day soon we can make a great leap forward to become as prosperous as the citizens of Düsseldorf, and proper self-respecting social democrats like Herr Schmidt? Or are we working towards a quite different, less affluent, peculiarly British future? The answer to this question is more clouded than ever before. There is plenty of negative advice about what is wrong; but very little positive consensus about long-term aims.

This lack of consensus is deeply disturbing, not only to the voters, schooled as they have been to expect instant results from unified parties, but also to those members of the Labour Government who are now blaming the Left for Labour's ills. They are – both Government and electorate – accustomed to simplicity in politics: objectives which people can understand, which promise better things to come and which all their followers can be expected to support. In the 1960s and 1970s both Wilson and Heath prospered on simple and curiously similar themes. Although Wilson picked a technological slant and Heath a managerial one, the message was the same: 'Out with the old, on with the new.' New towns, new tower blocks, new supersonic planes, new motorways. And if a few greenhouse windows were broken to let Concorde fly, if good houses were torn down for roads and redevelopment, too bad. 'You couldn't make omelettes . . .'

Now it is all suddenly different. The new Common Market still doesn't taste very nice, the new Maplin has shrivelled from a grandiose dream to a few meaningless lines on long-forgotten plans; and 'bigness' – which some socialists had been preaching against for a century – has suddenly become fashionably pejorative. The old vistas of expansion have collapsed, and neither the Wilson nor the Callaghan governments have yet really succeeded in finding plausible new ones.

The danger now is that instead of seeking socialism, some members of the Labour Party will start hunting bogeymen. Now, Mrs Thatcher, hitherto, has been an admirable bogey-person, something of an asset to Labour: and scaremongering against the Opposition is a respectable political tactic, successfully exploited by the Conservatives in 1959, with pictures of picnics in the sunshine and 'Don't let Labour ruin it' strapped across them. But Mr Healey, in his remarks on Radio Leeds over the weekend, seemed to have abandoned Mrs Thatcher to take on Labour's Left: 'Their lack of loyalty has lost us the by-elections.' The subtext of the complaint is becoming only too familiar. If only they were more loyal on the NEC . . . If only they had elected as Treasurer the nice Mr Varley instead of the nasty Mr Atkinson . . . To quote Attlee on Laski, a period of silence from Mr Healey on this subject would now be welcome. It doesn't take a great deal to send the Labour Party into one of its periodic suicidal fits of self-mutilation. Partial and peculiar use of the word 'loyalty' is one of the ways to start it all up again.

Genuine socialist governments, in pursuit



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of socialism, do not, after all, put up lending rate to 15 per cent, entrench bureaucrats, and legislate in the exclusive interest of one section of a particular trade union. But, of course, this is not a socialist government; it is a Labour government, a few of whose members are seeking socialism, that has arrived at a fork in the road and is not quite certain in which direction to go. On the one hand it tries to legislate in the spirit of its manifesto ('our objective is to bring about a fundamental and irreversible shift in the balance of wealth and power in favour of working people and their families') and is consequently labelled 'socialist'; while on the other, it is perforce obedient to the terms its creditors exact, for which it is labelled 'reactionary'. Until a clearer sense of direction is found, its progress will continue to be a jumble of contradictions.

One particular roadblock to this sense of direction is the sterile play-acting between the two groups in the PLP; to anyone outside both the *Tribune* and the Manifesto groups, the political differences between these twin and worthy reservoirs of ministerial talent are ridiculously exaggerated. The real differences concern attitudes not so much to policy, as to power. The Manifestoists are natural governors, riding their ministerial limousines with ease and grace; out of office they are irritable and scratchy. Their own tenure of office is not so much more important than socialism as identified with it. Extra-parliamentary paths to a socialist future – the miners in 1972, Clay Cross's mini-republicanism, Benn's workers' co-ops – all terrify them. They hate taking risks. On the Tribunites the trappings of office hang less easily – rather like Michael Foot's suits. The dangled fruits do not entice quite so much. Though their ranks are culled successfully from time to time by the Prime Minister (the latest victim is Joe Ashton) to fill their minority ministerial quota, they remain less frightened of Opposition.

The greatest strength of the Left is their instinct to say 'no' to the conformist forces of capitalism. To the EEC (over their stupider regulations). To the IMF (over their more oppressive demands). To US foreign policy (if Carter's new Secretary of State starts to behave like Kissinger). As De Gaulle learned in his relations with the US, saying 'no' is the first step to regaining respect in the world. The strength of the Right is their competence. Roy Jenkins is only now being recognised as a highly competent Chancellor in 1967-70. The Government is now overwhelmingly a Manifesto Group government; it ought to be able to show, in sheer humane administration, a striking difference between itself and its predecessor.

Our economic problems will remain intractable and we would be foolish to pretend otherwise; but we would also be foolish to pretend that progress towards socialism depends on economic factors alone. That way we talk ourselves and the electorate into downward spiralling gloom. Once we accept that promises of a bigger and better future are out, the non-economic, often non-cost agenda for a socialist political programme becomes not only clearer – but also more irrelevant to the *Tribune*/Manifesto dogfight.

First, there is a lot that's good in Britain, which makes it a pleasant, fraternal, convivial place. We should not be frightened of saying so at every opportunity and being prepared to defend our education and health services under attack from 'conservative' vandals. Secondly, we must make clear our attitude to bureaucracy. Now all the white-collar unions are in the TUC, there is a danger of Labour being identified with every administrative scandal that occurs. We must ensure that our socialism is publicly identified with democracy and civil liberty rather than with bureaucracy. Thirdly, we must begin to respect the land and the resources we possess, and not assume that any job is a worthwhile job, not caring how much the industry concerned may pollute the social or environmental fabric of Britain.

All this may sound negative. Labour has always been used to starting things; I suspect its role in the future will be more concerned with stopping them. I do not believe it need be any the less socialist for that.

Nicholas Terdre

A Small Chance for Brazil

'This is a country which is marching forward', says the government slogan, though it omits to mention that Brazil's most certain destination in the short term is a serious economic crisis. Drastic measures to combat the crisis are expected to be announced soon, including a wage freeze, petrol rationing, and a strict cutback in credit for an industrial sector that is still growing at a rapid rate. But none of this will happen before 15 November, for on that date, important elections are due which the Government dare not lose.

It seems strange that these elections have become so important. To begin with, they are only municipal. Then again, over a hundred towns, including all the state capitals, and containing one third of the Brazilian electorate, will not be electing mayors – these towns are defined as important to 'national security' and their mayors are directly appointed by the state governors, themselves directly appointed by the President. And thirdly, since the military took over the government of the country in 1964, politics as a participator activity has become in many ways meaningless. Neither of the two parties contesting the elections arose spontaneously from the needs of any sector of Brazilan society; both the government party *Arena* (Alliance for National Renewal) and the opposition party *MDB* (Brazilian Democratic Movement) were set up in 1965 to give a façade of democracy to the regime.

Arena, the government's rubber stamp in the National Congress, is full of career politicians willing to justify the worst excesses of one of Latin America's most cruel regimes in order to go on enjoying their privileges. That is hardly surprising; but it happens that *MDB* is not much different. Its founding members were also career politicians, who, if they do have some commitment to democracy, are not prepared to risk their seats by making that commitment too public. Accepting its given role as a 'loyal opposition', the party has never seriously attempted to become a focus of resistance to the regime. And its activities have only been haphazardly extended from the urban areas in which its major support lies to the backward rural areas dominated by the large landowners who naturally enough belong to *Arena*. Even this year, in the most developed state in the country, São Paulo, *MDB* will not be contesting 160 out of the total 570 boroughs. Given the moribund state of the parties, and of national political life in general, it is not very surprising that in the last municipal elections in 1972, 3349 out of 3785 mayors elected were *Arena* men, and 29,000 out of 35,000 councillors.

But, despite its apathy, *MDB* is the only legally permitted vehicle of opposition to the regime, and has consequently attracted a number of people who genuinely wish to denounce the so-called '1964 Revolution'. Around the beginning of the decade, this wing of the party coalesced into a group known as the *autênticos* (authentics), who centred their programme round the need to revoke the institutional acts which enshrine the regime's power to close Congress, suspend *habeas corpus*, and in general remove the political and civil rights of the population. The work of the *autênticos* began to bear fruit in the partial elections to the federal and state legislatures in 1974, bringing about a swing to *MDB* that would have given it overall control if the elections had been total.

So a situation arose which left the military mind uneasy. Having been set up as the opposition party, *MDB* was supposed to lose. How should the possibility of their winning be dealt with? The extremist hardliners used their dominance of the internal security forces to unleash a wave of arrests throughout the country, detaining and torturing hundreds of alleged communists who also happened to be *MDB* members. But the pressure they applied to have the elections cancelled was resisted by President Geisel, who sees one of his main tasks in office as being to reverse the growing unpopularity of the regime, and who is for this reason a staunch supporter of the democratic façade.

There will, therefore, be elections: and though nominally municipal, they are regarded by many as a kind of plebiscite. Nevertheless, it should not be thought that the fight is an equal one, for the Government has done everything it can to favour *Arena*. Though the election campaign only began officially in mid-October, Geisel has for several months been stomping the country in a vigorous one-man campaign, reeling off the government's achievements, promising federal funds and asking for

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the credit to be given to *Arena* on 15 November.

On a number of occasions Geisel has uttered the ominous words '*Arena* must win' though without specifying just why. The assumption is that he is referring to the possibility of a coup by the hardliners if *Arena* were to lose, a possibility that earlier in the year was worth taking seriously. Recently, however, Geisel has considerably strengthened his position within the military by means of careful promotions, and it is very unlikely that at present any coup would succeed. The *MDB* leadership nevertheless takes the threat seriously and is praying *not* to do too well in the elections.

Public meetings still take place, but with the proviso that anything can happen in an *Arena*-controlled town, as Ulisses Guimarães, the *MDB* national president, would be the first to admit. In a pre-election meeting at Caruaru, his audience found themselves surrounded by armed police with dogs, sent on the express orders of the state governor. More recently in Itajaí, a free football match arranged by *Arena* just happened to coincide with the time of his meeting. And on the following day in Curitibanos, the gathering was plunged into darkness as the local *Arena* administration put out the lights.

Nor is the Government too proud to stoop to other ploys. State governors drop heavy hints that funds may be difficult to arrange for towns where *MDB* wins. And the essentially opportunist nature of many *MDB* politicians makes them fairly easy to buy off. Lauro Pericles, elected mayor in the *MDB* stronghold of Campinas in 1972, changed parties earlier this year and placed the administrative machine at the disposal of the *Arena* candidate; he is now waiting to be offered a job by Geisel.

It is quite on the cards that the elections – already marred by violence – presage a period of popular discontent such as the regime has not had to face since it seized power in 1964, even in the troubled days of 1968. After 12 years of forced sacrifice and silence, the Brazilian working class, together with many liberal sectors of the middle classes, is becoming increasingly anxious to show the military what it thinks of them.

São Paulo

Godfrey Hodgson*

The President as Monarch

What kind of an office is it that Jimmy Carter will take over in January? And how can we expect him to set about running it? The last 15 years have not been a happy time for the presidency. It is not just that, of the last four Presidents, one was assassinated, two were driven from office, and now the fourth, running for re-election, has been defeated. After all, both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon showed themselves exceptionally capable Presidents and won re-election by resounding margins before they met their respective *nemeses*.

A substantial fraction, and probably a majority of informed opinion has now come round to the view that the power of the presidency 'has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished'. What is more, Congress is now mounting a determined and at least partially successful counter-offensive, aimed at recapturing some of the territory it has lost to the presidency since Franklin Roosevelt's 'hundred days' in 1933.

Yet in the United States last month, I found the one prediction no one cared to make was that the presidency as an institution would grow weaker. True, there were many who felt that the presidency, while growing stronger and stronger, would find itself increasingly unable to meet people's inflated expectations of what it could do for them, and would therefore become more and more cut off from the American people.

There are some, however, who fear worse than that. Walter Dean Burnham of MIT thinks that the presidency could degenerate into a 'Latin-American' or even 'fascist' dictatorship, though he thinks it more likely that it will develop in the direction of an 'administrative presidency' under a series of 'benign Nixons'. But the prevailing view, and the one specifically held by the President-elect, according to Jack Watson, the young Atlanta lawyer Carter has put in charge of planning his Administration, is more optimistic. It starts from the judgment that Watergate has proved the worth of the constitution and its 18th-century system of checks and balances.

The real danger, on this view, is not that the President is so all-powerful that nothing restrains him from acting arbitrarily. It is rather that presidents find the gap between what they feel they have a mandate from the electorate to attempt, and what they can actually achieve, so frustrating that they are tempted to overstep the constitutional limits to their authority. The safeguard against future Vietnams and Watergates, therefore, lies not in weakening the presidency in relation to Congress, but in strengthening both presidency and Congress. 'The healthiest kind of government in our Federal system,' Watson said to me, 'is one that has a strong legislative branch *and* a strong President.' Aaron Wildavsky of the University of California made almost exactly the same point: 'I will be quite happy if we have a large number of vibrant institutions, and then there will be much less to fear from a strong presidency.'

These yearnings for a strong presidency balanced by a strong Congress may well be fulfilled. For some years before Watergate, the Democrats in Congress were already beginning to assert themselves to check the President's freedom of action in foreign affairs, to the bitter irritation of Henry Kissinger. This pressure culminated in the (not altogether effectual) Emergency War Powers Act of 1974, and in the votes, passionately denounced by Kissinger, to deny aid to South Vietnam and Greece and Turkey. Since 1974, Congress has moved on a broad front to resist what it sees as executive encroachment on the constitution and to try to reverse 40 years of gains by the White House at its expense. Some of the episodes in this campaign have been dramatic, like the impeachment process itself and the sharp tone of congressional scrutiny of some presidential appointments. Others have been obscurer, more technical processes, like the struggles over Nixon's 'impoundment' of money appropriated by Congress and over the greatly expanded 'executive privilege' he claimed to shield his men from congressional scrutiny; or like President Ford's more than 60 vetoes of bills passed by Congress.

What is probably more important in the long run than any of these particular struggles, however, is the way Congress has been acting to put its own house in order. It is now a far more plausible competitor to the White House as the representative of the popular will and the protector of the national interest than it was. Even without the help of Fanne Foxe and Elizabeth Ray, Congress was freeing itself from the domination of the likes of Wilbur Mills and Wayne Hays. The seniority system, under which legislation was in practice far too often shaped according to the whim – and the interests – of autocratic old committee chairmen, has been abolished. Congressional staffs, which have now reached the staggering total of 18,000 aides for 535 members of the two Houses of Congress, have swollen even more rapidly than the much more notorious White House staff.

Even more ominous from the perspective of the White House are two new developments: the congressional budget, and the congressional veto. In the past two years, for the first time, Congress has set and held to its own budget. In the past, presidents could and did accuse Congress of reckless, irresponsible spending, because Congress, appropriating money for specific projects without any overall budget guideline, frequently 'gave' the President more than he asked for. Now, Congress can and does claim to be as concerned with macro-economic policy, with deficits and with inflation, as the President himself. Secondly, by writing into more and more new legislation the right to pass on the legality of rules and regulations issued by the departments and agencies of the Federal government – which is what the 'congressional veto' means – Congress is now challenging the White House's authority over its own bureaucracy.

It is too soon to say whether these two major thrusts by Congress into presidential territory will be successful. The congressional veto has already been challenged in the courts by the White House, and the Supreme Court is to rule on its constitu-

**Godfrey Hodgson's book* America in Our Time *came out in New York last week. It will be published in Britain by Macmillan in February.*

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tionality. And it may well be that the rank-and-file of congressmen will lose their enthusiasm for fiscal responsibility and go back to their old, profligate legislative ways once the present recession is over.

What is clear, though, is that while, as a Democrat, President Carter will be able to count on some period of honeymoon in his relations with Congress, he will not be able to count on a very long one. The prospect now is, in fact, that the famous system of checks and balances does indeed face a new test: the conflict between an activist President who wants to 'move the country', (and who, incidentally, was not known in Georgia for his patience with recalcitrant legislators); and an activist Congress. It is a Congress, what is more, that is conscious of its new strength, and most of whose members are well aware that they are far more politically popular in their own states and districts than the President is.

Jack Watson claims not to be fazed by this prospect. Carter, he says, will operate with a far smaller White House staff than either Nixon or Ford did, and *his* men will operate in a true staff role, as opposed to a command role, they will be serving 'as staff to him, and not as palace guard to the government at large'. He predicted that Carter would prefer to rely on 'a very strong set of cabinet secretaries and agency heads'. That would be a change.

Carter has talked a lot about how he will improve the *management* of the government – not, perhaps, difficult after Ford. But he also sees his own role, Watson went on, as that of moral leadership – 'not piously, not religiously, but as a centre of moral standards.' He also saw the presidency as 'the fulcrum of movement for the country'. 'We must have a President who can lead,' he went on. 'The more likely situation for stalemate comes from a weak President and a strong Congress, because there is so much inherent responsibility on the President's side to move.'

One of those who have advised Jack Watson on the transition to a Carter Administration is Clark Clifford, who was President Truman's Henry Kissinger more than 30 years ago, and served under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson as well. I asked him how he saw the presidency evolving as an institution over the next few years, and he said he didn't foresee any very dramatic institutional change. But he was very clear what the new President's job would be, he added. 'His major goal should be to create within the American people confidence in their government. They have lost that. The new President's major goal is to bring these people back to their government.' The American President, after all, is monarch even more than he is manager.

Peter Wilby

Shutting Down on Teachers

For the past five years the Department of Education and Science has been grappling with the problem of the colleges of education. In the 1960s the colleges were expanded at unprecedented speed; 54,000 new places were created to cope with a rising school population. In the 1970s, the age of the overdraft and the oral contraceptive, the policy has had to be turned on its head. In the mid-1960s, the school population was approximately 7,300,000. This year, it is nearly 9 million. By 1991, it will be back to the mid-1960s level. Hence, the Government now plans a corresponding reduction in teacher training. The 54,000 places that were created in the 1960s are no longer needed.

The DES has planned the reduction about as smoothly as a man driving a motor-cycle scrambler up and down hill. The development of a coherent policy has been hampered by uncertain birth rate projections and by the Department's own timidity. Even before the latest stalling of the engine, 20 of the country's 163 colleges were to 'discontinue initial training', an exquisite bureaucratic euphemism for closure.

The other colleges were to encounter a variety of fates. Some were to merge with polytechnics, some with further education colleges, some with other colleges of education, a few with universities. A few colleges were to remain unreformed, and there was a group of 16 whose future was undecided. The operation has been compared with Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries – and the analogy is apt enough for these strange, isolated centres of vocational mission, full of unwordly idealism and anachronistic rules. But at least Henry VIII got on with the job and didn't keep changing his mind and suggesting that, perhaps, the monasteries could stay open if they wouldn't mind training a few archers and ploughmen.

The colleges might have preferred Tudor ruthlessness to the uncertainty created by the 'softly, softly' style of the modern civil servant. Earlier this year, the Government's teacher-training target for 1981 was 57,000 places. This week it told the Advisory Committee on the Supply and Training of Teachers that it wanted the target revised to 45,000 places.

Laconically, the Government's memorandum added that a 'new strategy' is required. But it is not at all clear that the DES has, in fact, yet grasped the nettle. The Department has, from the start, been confronted with two simple alternatives. It could close many, perhaps the majority, of colleges and concentrate teacher training in a few centres of strength; or it could 'pare down' and spread the reduced places around as many institutions as possible. So far, it has chosen the latter policy. Only 11 teacher-training centres were to have more than 1,000 students by 1981. This meant that many colleges would remain open, with spare capacity. How would they use the spare capacity? The DES has not had a coherent policy, still less a solution to impose. The general idea has been that the colleges should diversify by offering other higher education courses. The details have been left to local authorities and the colleges themselves, whose planning has, in turn, been upset by perpetual uncertainty about the Government's ultimate intentions on teacher-training places. Some colleges, like All Saints in Tottenham, which specialises in education for multi-racial schools, were told first that they would have to close, then that they could probably stay open, then that they might have to close, after all. Diversification sounds good in theory. The colleges' isolation from the rest of the higher education system has always been an academic weakness. And, if other courses were available alongside teacher training, students would have the opportunity to change direction, if the job market looked shaky or if they decided that they were fed up with the idea of teaching. But the diversification policy meant that, if there was to be a thin spread of training courses, there must also be a thin spread of other courses. Inevitably most colleges, since they have little scientific equipment and expertise, have tried to develop degree and diploma courses in the arts and social sciences. In the wake of the Prime Minister's Ruskin College speech, the point hardly needs labouring that these are not exactly areas of urgent national need. Many colleges are in danger of simply exchanging a role of producing unemployed teachers for one of producing unemployed arts graduates.

Most of the colleges are able to develop courses only through the cavalier generosity of their local universities. The Council for National Academic Awards, which validates non-university degree courses (particularly in polytechnics), has refused to approve most college proposals, and has frequently found the academic departments too small and ill-equipped to support their course plans. In a recent memorandum, the Council stated: 'The quality of staff for the type of work that is being proposed often leaves much to be desired. . . . A number of the proposals do not appear to have a discernible rationale and the aims and objectives of the courses have not been adequately specified.' Again, the colleges have not been capable of responding adequately to the idea put forward by the James Committee on teacher training in 1972 for a new two-year course, called the Diploma of Higher Education. The Diploma was supposed to be valid either as a terminal award or as a springboard for a further course, possibly in teacher training. Too many colleges award the Diploma simply as a compensation to students who drop out of degree courses.

This week's plans suggest that, besides the 20 it has already closed, the Government is thinking of closing another 30 colleges and departments of education. That may still not be the end of it; the 'new strategy' may still prove insufficiently radical. One college principal has suggested that as many as 80 colleges ought to close. Then, perhaps, instead of diversifying into an area where there is already ludicrous over-provision, some of the colleges' plant could be used for an area of genuine, urgent national need: the education of 16- to 19-year-olds.

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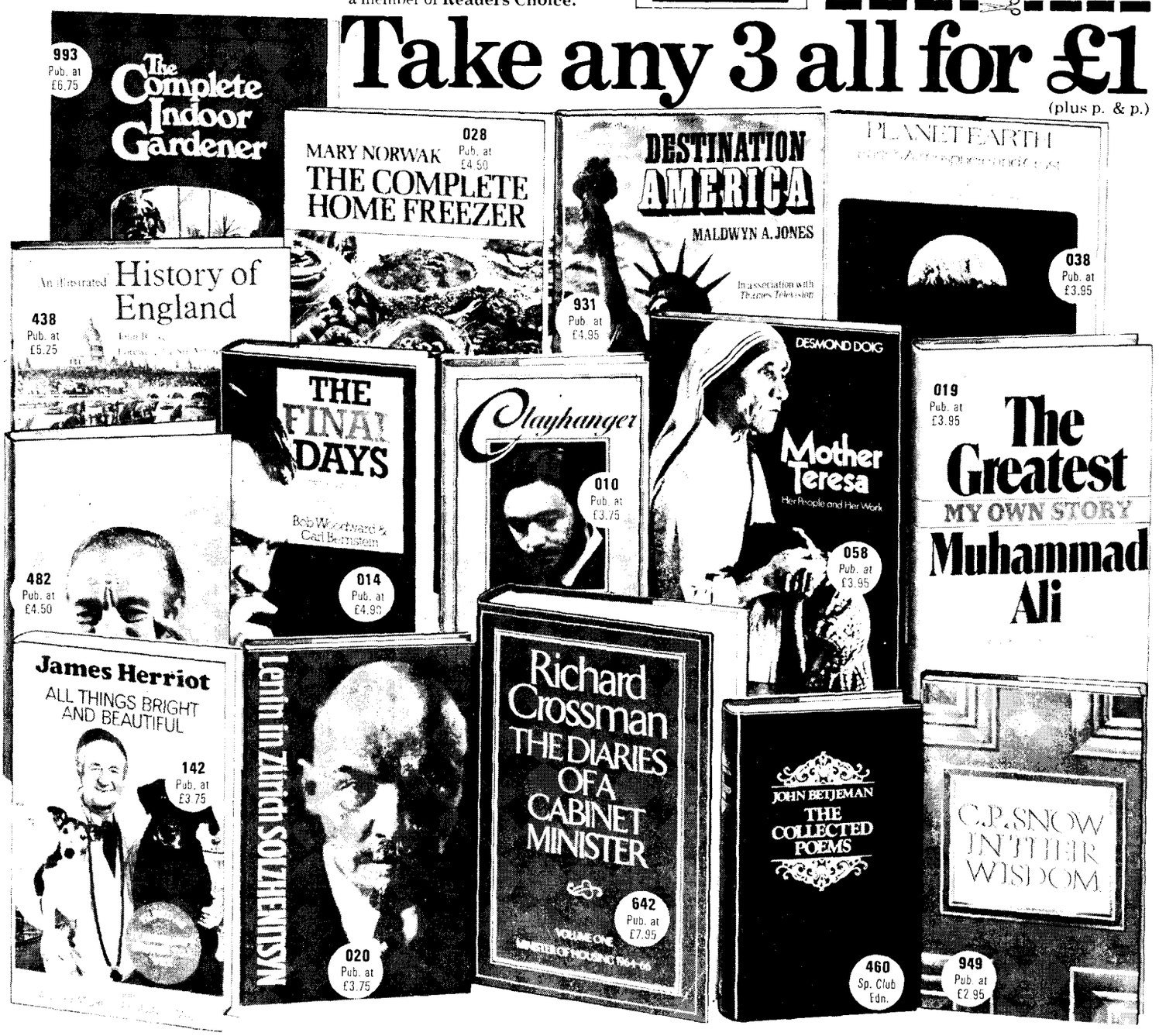

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Orlando Letelier

The Chicago Boys in Chile

It would seem to be a common-sensical sort of observation that economic policies are conditioned by and at the same time modify the social and political situation where they are put into practice. Economic policies, therefore, are introduced *in order* to alter social structures.

If I dwell on these considerations, therefore, it is because the necessary connection between economic policy and its socio-political setting appears to be absent from many analyses of the current situation in Chile. To put it briefly, the violation of human rights, the system of institutionalised brutality, the drastic control and suppression of every form of meaningful dissent is discussed (and often condemned) as a phenomenon only indirectly linked, or indeed entirely unrelated, to the classical unrestrained 'free market' policies that have been enforced by the military junta. This failure to connect has been particularly characteristic of private and public financial institutions, which have publicly praised and supported the economic policies adopted by the Pinochet government, while regretting the 'bad international image' the junta has gained from its 'incomprehensible' persistence in torturing, jailing and persecuting all its critics. A recent World Bank decision to grant a $33m. loan to the junta was justified by its president, Robert McNamara, as based on purely 'technical' criteria, implying no particular relationship to the present political and social conditions in the country. The same line of justification has been followed by American private banks which, in the words of a spokesman for a business consulting firm, 'have been falling all over one another to make loans'.

But probably no one has expressed this attitude better than the US Secretary of the Treasury. After a visit to Chile, during which he discussed human rights violations by the military government, William Simon congratulated Pinochet for bringing 'economic freedom' to the Chilean people. This particularly convenient concept of a social system in which 'economic freedom' and political terror coexist without touching each other, allows these financial spokesmen to support their concept of 'freedom' while exercising their verbal muscles in defence of human rights. The usefulness of the distinction has been particularly appreciated by those who have generated the economic policies now being carried out in Chile. In *Newsweek* of 14 June, Milton Friedman, who is the intellectual architect and unofficial adviser of the team of economists now running the Chilean economy, stated: 'In spite of my profound disagreement with the authoritarian political system of Chile, I do not consider it as evil for an economist to render technical economic advice to the Chilean government, any more than I would regard it as evil for a physician to give technical advice to the Chilean government to help end a medical plague.'

It is curious that the man who wrote a book, *Capitalism and Freedom*, to drive home the argument that only classical economic liberalism can support political democracy, can now so easily disentangle economics from politics when the economic theories he advocates coincide with an absolute restriction of every type of democratic freedom. One would logically expect that if those who curtail enterprise are held responsible for the effects of their measures in the political sphere, those who impose unrestrained 'economic freedom' would also be held responsible when the imposition of this policy is inevitably accompanied by massive repression, hunger, unemployment; and the permanence of a brutal police state.

The economic plan now being carried out in Chile realises an historic aspiration of a group of Chilean economists, most of them trained at Chicago University by Milton Friedman and Arnold Harberger. The 'Chicago boys', as they are known in Chile, convinced the generals that they were prepared to supplement the brutality, which the military possessed, with the intellectual asset it lacked. The US Senate Select Committee on Intelligence has disclosed that 'CIA collaborators' helped plan the economic measures that Chile's junta enacted immediately after seizing power. Committee witnesses maintain that some of the 'Chicago boys' received CIA funds for such research efforts as a 300-page economic blueprint that was given to military leaders before the coup. It is therefore understandable that after the coup they were, as the *Wall Street Journal* put it, 'champing to be unleashed' on the Chilean economy. Their first approach to the situation was gradual; only after a year of relative confusion did they decide to implement without major modification the theoretical model they had been taught at Chicago. The occasion merited a visit to Chile by Mr Friedman himself who, along with his associate, Professor Harberger, made a series of well-publicised appearances to promote a 'shock treatment' for the Chilean economy – something that Friedman emphatically described as 'the only medicine. Absolutely. There is no other. There is no other long-term solution.'

These are the basic principles of the economic model offered by Friedman and his followers and adopted by the Chilean junta: that the only possible framework for economic development is one within which the private sector can freely operate; that private enterprise is the most efficient form of economic organisation and that, there-

The late Orlando Letelier was one of the most effective and articulate opponents of the Chilean junta. An economist, he served for much of President Allende's presidency as Ambassador to the United States. From that vantage point he observed the effects of economic 'destabilisation', denials of credit to Chile from such institutions as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. For the last six months before the coup he was back in Santiago, serving as Minister of Foreign Affairs, of the Interior and of Defence.

On the morning of 11 September 1973 Allende telephoned Letelier and asked him to find out whether the conspirators had captured the head of the armed forces. Letelier walked over to the Ministry of Defence and discovered that the leader of the armed forces, General Pinochet, had joined the organisers of the coup. Letelier was arrested, and spent the next year in a concentration camp on Dawson's Island. On 10 September 1974 he was expelled to Venezuela.

Exactly two years later Letelier was deprived of his citizenship. It was the junta's penultimate tribute to Letelier's resourceful and energetic opposition to the Pinochet regime. Based in Washington, he travelled extensively, helping to promote the formation of a popular government in exile, lobbying for human rights and urging governments, sometimes successfully, to withhold loans to the generals. Throughout the years in exile he received murder threats. Other Chilean exiles had already been killed by the Chilean secret police, the DINA.

On 21 September this year, Letelier was murdered in Washington by a bomb placed in his car. He and Ronni Moffitt, a colleague, died in Embassy Row, 300 yards from the residence of the Chilean ambassador. It now appears most likely that the engineers of his death were Cuban exiles acting for the DINA.

This article written originally for The Nation *was one of Letelier's last. It is an indictment of the social and economic havoc perpetrated by the junta and its advisers, and an attack upon the influence of the theories and counsel of Milton Friedman. Friedman, this year's Nobel Laureate for economics, has an ardent group of disciples in Chile now advising the junta. Friedman himself had assisted their efforts, and it was one of Letelier's last projects to show the cruel limits of his ideas, and their practical effects on human beings. A fortnight after the publication of this article in the United States, Letelier was dead.*

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fore, the private sector should be the predominant factor in the economy. Prices should fluctuate freely in accordance with the laws of competition. Inflation, the worst enemy of economic progress, is the direct result of monetary expansion and can be eliminated only by a drastic reduction of government spending.

Except in present-day Chile, no government in the world gives private enterprise an absolutely free hand. That is so because every economist (except Friedman and his followers) has known for decades that, in the real life of capitalism, there is no such thing as the perfect competition described by classical liberal economists. In March 1975, in Santiago, a newsman dared suggest to Friedman that even in more advanced capitalist countries, as for example the United States, the Government applies various types of controls on the economy. Mr Friedman answered: 'I have always been against it, I don't approve of them. I believe we should not apply them. I am against economic intervention by the Government, in my own country, as well as in Chile or anywhere else.'

It is preposterous to speak about free competition in Chile. The economy there is highly monopolised. An academic study made during President Frei's regime pointed out that in 1966 284 enterprises controlled each and every one of the subdivisions of Chilean economic activities. In the industrial sector, 144 enterprises controlled each and every one of the sub-sectors. In turn, within each of these 144 manufacturing enterprises which constituted the core of the industrial sector, a few shareholders controlled management: in more than 50 per cent of the enterprises, the ten largest shareholders owned between 90 and 100 per cent.

On the other hand, studies also conducted during the pre-Allende period demonstrated the extent to which the Chilean economy has been dominated by foreign-based multinationals. As Barnet and Müller put it in *Global Reach*, 'In pre-Allende Chile, 51 per cent of the largest 160 firms were effectively controlled by global corporations. In each of the seven key industries of the economy one to three firms controlled at least 51 per cent of the production. Of the top 22 global corporations operating in the country, 19 either operated free of all competition or shared the market with other oligopolists.'

From 1971 to 1973, most of the monopolistic and oligopolistic industries were nationalised and transferred to the public sector. However, the zeal with which the military dictatorship has dismantled state participation in the economy and transferred industries to foreign ownership suggests that levels of concentration and monopolisation are now at least as high as they were before the Popular Unity (Allende) Government.

An International Monetary Fund Report of May 1976 remarks: 'The process of returning to the private sector the vast majority of the enterprises which over the previous 15 years, but especially in 1971-73, had become part of the public sector continued [during 1975]. . . . At the end of 1973 the Public Development Corporation (CORFO) had a total of 492 enterprises, including eighteen commercial banks . . .

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Of this total, 253 enterprises . . . have been returned to their former owners. Among the other 239 enterprises . . . 104 (among them ten banks) have been sold; 16 (including two banks) have already been adjudicated, with the completion of the transfer procedure being a matter of weeks; the sale of another 21 is being negotiated bilaterally with groups of potential buyers . . .' Competitive bidding is still to be solicited for the remaining enterprises. Obviously the buyers are always a small number of powerful economic interests who have been adding these enterprises to the monopolistic or oligopolistic structures within which they operate. At the same time, a considerable number of industries have been sold to trans-national corporations, among them the national tyre industry (INSA), bought by Firestone for an undisclosed sum, and one of the main paper pulp industries (Celulosa Forestal Arauco), bought by Parsons & Whittemore.

No Competition

There are many other examples to show that, as far as competition goes, Mr Friedman's prescription does not yield the economic effects implicit in his theoretical model. In the first half of 1975, as part of the process of lifting regulations from the economy, the price of milk was exempted from control. With what result? The price to the consumer rose 40 per cent and the price paid to the producer dropped 22 per cent. There are more than 10,000 milk producers in Chile, but only two milk processing companies, which control the market. More than 80 per cent of Chilean paper production and all of certain types of paper come from one enterprise which establishes prices without fear of competition.

Of course, any of the followers of the Chicago School would say that, with the liberalisation of the international market, as prescribed by the model, Chilean monopolies and oligopolies would be exposed to competition from abroad. However, that does not happen. Chile so lacks foreign currency that it cannot import what it needs of even the most essential goods. Still more important is the fact that foreign enterprises are not interested in sending to Chile goods which could compete with those manufactured by their own Chilean subsidiaries. Besides, in Chile, the economic interests which control the manufacturing industry also control the financial apparatus and import activities. These groups are not disposed to compete with themselves.

Other aspects of the brand of economics taught at the University of Chicago are conveniently ignored by the junta's economic advisers. One is the importance of wage contracts freely negotiated between employers and workers; another is the efficiency of the market as an instrument to allocate resources in the economy. It is sardonic to mention the right of the workers to negotiate in a country where the Central Workers' Federation has been outlawed and where salaries are established by the junta's decree. It may also seem grotesque to speak of the market as the most effective instrument for allocating resources when it is widely known that there are practically no productive investments in the economy because the most profitable 'investment' is speculation. Under the slogan 'We must create a capital market in Chile', selected private groups enjoying the junta's protection have been authorised to establish so-called *financieras*, which engage in the most outrageous financial speculations.

But the crux of Friedman's prescription, as the junta never ceases to emphasise, is control of inflation. It should, according to the junta, enlist 'the vigorous efforts of *all* Chileans'. Professor Harberger declared categorically in April 1975: 'I can see no excuses for not stopping inflation: its origins are well known; government deficits and monetary expansion have to be stopped. I know you are going to ask me about unemployment; if the government deficits were reduced by half, still the rate of unemployment would not increase more than 1 per cent.' According to the junta's official figures, between April and December 1975, the government deficit was reduced by approximately the 50 per cent that Harberger recommended. In the same period, unemployment rose six times as much as he had predicted. The remedy he continues to advocate consists of reducing government spending, which will reduce the amount of currency in circulation. This will result in a contraction of demand, which in turn will bring about a general reduction of prices. Thus inflation would be defeated. Professor Harberger does not say explicitly *who* would have to lower their standard of living to bear the costs of the cure.

Three years have passed since this experiment began in Chile and sufficient information is available to conclude that Friedman's Chilean disciples failed – at least in their avowed and measurable objectives – and particularly in their attempts to control inflation. But they have succeeded, at least temporarily, in their broader purpose: to secure the economic and political power of a small dominant class by effecting a massive transfer of wealth from the lower and middle classes to a select group of monopolists and financial speculators.

The empirical proof of the economic failure is overwhelming. On 24 April 1975, after the last known visit of Messrs Friedman and Harberger to Chile, the junta's Minister of Finance, Jorge Cauas, said:

> The Hon. junta have asked me to formulate and carry out an economic programme primarily directed to eradicate inflation. Together with a numerous group of technicians, we have presented to the Chilean authorities a programme of economic revival which has been approved and is beginning. The principal objective of this programme is to stop inflation in the remainder of 1975.

By the end of 1975 Chile's annual rate of inflation had reached 341 per cent – that is, the highest rate of inflation in the world.

Analysing the causes of Chilean inflation in 1975, a recent report of the International Monetary Fund says: 'The cutback in government spending, with its adverse effects on employment, in housing, and public works, went significantly further than programmed in order to accommodate the large credit demands of the private sector . . .' Later on it states: 'Overall monetary management remained expansionary in 1975. Moreover, continued high inflationary expectations and the public's attendant unwillingness to increase its real cash balances greatly complicated the implementation of the monetary programme.' Referring to private organisations which have begun to operate without any control, the report adds that the *financieras* have been allowed to operate beside the commercial banking system and at interest rates up to 50 per cent higher than the maximum permissible banking rate. According to the same source, the *financieras* were operating in 1975 at an interest rate of 14 per cent a month, or 168 per cent a year; they obtained loans in New York at 10 to 12 per cent a year.

The implementation of the Chicago model has not achieved a significant reduction of monetary expansion. It has, however, brought about a merciless reduction of the income of wage earners and a dramatic increase in unemployment; at the same time it has increased the amount of currency in circulation by means of loans and transfers to big firms, and by granting to private financial institutions the power to create money. As James Petras, an American political scientist, puts it: 'The very social classes on which the junta depends are the main instrumentalities of the inflation.'

Killing the Poor

The inflationary process, which the junta's policies stimulated immediately after the coup, was slightly reduced in 1975 as compared to the unbelievable rate of 375.9 per cent in 1974. Such a minor reduction, however, does not indicate any substantial approach to stabilisation and seems on the whole utterly irrelevant to the majority of Chileans who must endure the total collapse of their economy. This situation recalls the story of a Latin-American dictator at the beginning of this century. When his advisers came to tell him that the country was suffering from a very serious educational problem, he ordered all public schools closed. Now, more than 70 years into this century, there still remain disciples of the anecdotal dictator who think that the way to eradicate poverty in Chile is to kill the poor.

The most dramatic result of the economic policies has been the rise in unemployment. Before the coup, unemployment in Chile was 3.1 per cent, one of the lowest in the Western Hemisphere. By the end of 1974, the jobless rate had climbed beyond the 10 per cent in the Santiago metropolitan area and was also higher in several other sections of the country. Official junta and IMF figures show that by the end of 1975 unemployment in the Santiago metropolitan area had reached 18.7 per cent; the corresponding figure in other parts of the country was more than 22 per cent; and in specific sectors, such as the construction industry, it had reached almost 40 per cent. Unemployment has continued to climb in 1976 and, according to the most conservative estimates, in July approximately 2.5 million Chileans (about one-fourth of the populuation) had no income at all; they survive thanks to the food and clothing distributed by church and humanitarian organisations.

The inhuman conditions under which a high percentage of the Chilean population live is reflected most dramatically by substantial increases in malnutrition, infant mortality and the appearance of thousands

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of beggars on the streets of Chilean cities. It forms a picture of hunger and deprivation never seen before in Chile. Families receiving the 'minimum wage' cannot purchase more than 1,000 calories and 15 grams of protein per person per day. That is less than half the minimum satisfactory level of consumption established by the World Health Organisation. It is, in short, slow starvation. Infant mortality, reduced significantly during the Allende years, jumped a dramatic 18 per cent during the first year of the military government.

Although the economic policies have more mercilessly affected the working classes, the general débâcle has significantly touched the middle class as well. At the same time, medium-size national enterprises have had their expectations destroyed by the reduction in demand, and have been engulfed and destroyed by the monopolies against which they were supposed to compete. Because of the collapse of the automobile industry, hundreds of machine shops and small industries which acted as sub-contractors have faced bankruptcy. Three major textile firms are working three days a week; several shoe companies, among them Calzados Bata, have had to close. Ferriloza, one of the main producers of consumer durables, recently declared itself bankrupt. Facing this situation, Raul Sahli, the new president of the Chilean Industrialists' Association, and himself linked to big monopolies, declared earlier in the year: 'The social market economy should be applied in all its breadth. If there are industrialists who complain because of this, let them go to hell. I won't defend them.'

The nature of the economic prescription and its results can be most vividly stated by citing the pattern of domestic income distribution. In 1972, under the Allende Government employees and workers received 62.9 per cent of the total national income; 37.1 per cent went to the propertied sector. By 1974 the share of the wage earners had been reduced to 38.2 per cent, while the participation of property had increased to 61.8 per cent. During 1975, 'average real wages are estimated to have declined by almost 8 per cent,' according to the International Monetary Fund. It is probable that these regressive trends in income distribution have continued during 1976. What it means is that during the last three years several billions of dollars were taken from the pockets of wage-earners and placed in those of capitalists and landowners. These are the economic results of the application in Chile of the Friedman prescription.

In such a context, concentration of wealth is no accident, but a rule; it is not the marginal outcome of a difficult situation – as they would like the world to believe – but the base for a social project; it is not an economic liability but a temporary political success. Their real failure is not their apparent inability to redistribute wealth or to generate a more even path of development (these are not their priorities) but their inability to convince the majority of Chileans that their policies are reasonable and necessary. In short, they have failed to destroy the consciousness of the Chilean people. The economic plan has had to be enforced, and in the Chilean context that could be done only by the killing of thousands, the establishment of concentration camps all over the country, the jailing of more than 100,000 persons in three years, the closing of trade unions and the prohibition of all political activities.

While the 'Chicago boys' have provided an appearance of technical respectability to the *laissez-faire* dreams and political greed of the old landowning oligarchy and upper bourgeoisie of monopolists and financial speculators, the military has applied the brutal force required to achieve those goals. Repression for the majorities and 'economic freedom' for small privileged groups are in Chile two sides of the same coin.

There is, therefore, an inner harmony between the two central priorities announced by the junta after the coup in 1973: the 'destruction of the Marxist cancer' (which has come to mean not only the repression of the political parties of the Left but also the destruction of all labour organisations democratically elected and all opposition, including Christian Democrats and church organisations), the establishment of a free 'private economy' and the control of inflation à la Friedman.

It is nonsensical, consequently, that those who inspire, support or finance that economic policy should try to present their advocacy as restricted to 'technical considerations', while pretending to reject the system of terror it requires to succeed.

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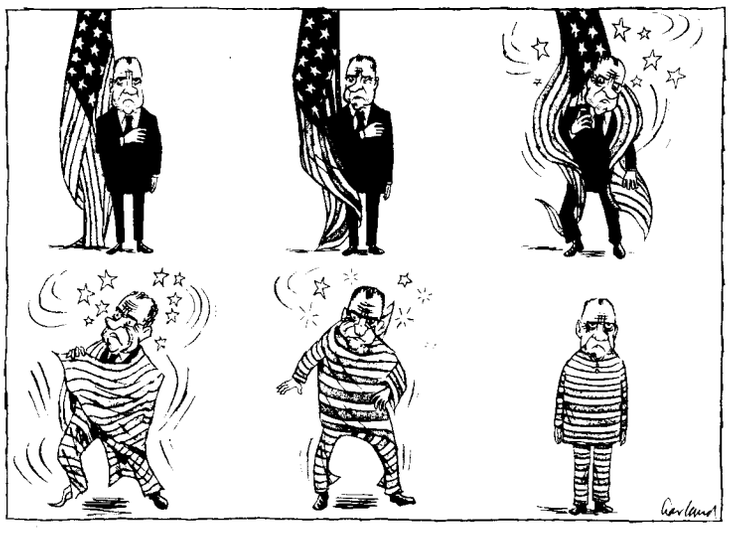

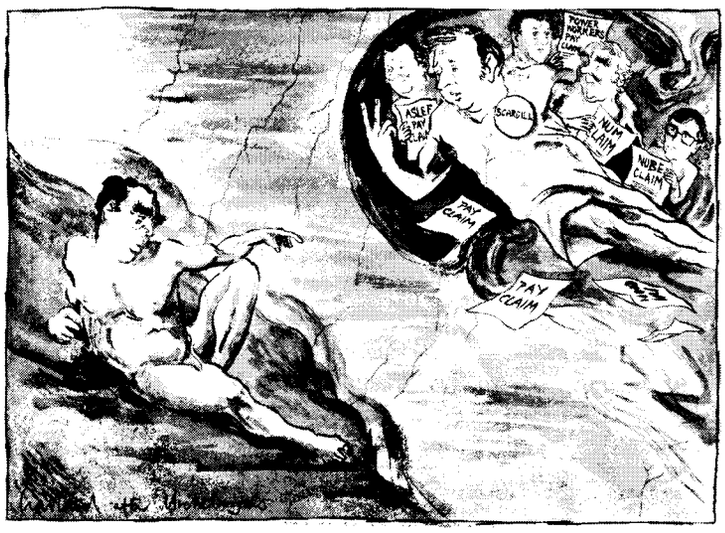

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Profile: Don Revie

The Godfather – Part III

In one of his more self-searching moods, after his surprising 1970 defeat, Harold Wilson blamed the England's football team's failure in the World Cup finals a few days before the election. Wilson may have been right (he claims to know more about football than politics); if he is, then the leaders of the most rickety countries in Europe had better turn swiftly to the sports pages on 18 November. The night before, England and Italy will have done battle for a qualifying place in the 1978 finals in Argentina. But the one man who certainly knows his job is at stake in Rome is Don Revie, appointed just over two years ago as England's team manager. Then hailed as the Messiah of English football, there is now some doubt about the adaptability of his skills. For his achievements as a club manager are becoming overshadowed by his failure with England, which under his leadership has failed to qualify for the European Nation Cup Finals, coupled with a disillusioning performance against Finland, after which Revie slunk out of Wembley, head down, hands bolted in his overcoat pockets, with the crowd's considered verdict of 'What a load of rubbish' singeing his ears.

At Leeds he was arguably (as everything in football) the most successful manager of the post-war period, better than Bill Shankly, Bill Nicholson and Matt Busby. When appointed as manager of Leeds in 1961, Revie inherited a mere 8,000 average attendance in a town more gripped by Rugby League, a debt-ridden administration, and a team marked for relegation to the Third Division. By 1964, after only two seasons of Revie, Leeds were in the First Division. In the next ten years the team relentlessly won the Fairs' Cup and the League championship twice and the F.A. and League Cups once, but they were also runners-up in these competitions an astonishing 11 times. A familiar sight at the end of the season became Leeds hell-bent for two trophies and ending up with none. Close to becoming the most successful club of the century, they ended up being call the Bridesmaids.

But Revie himself has done well from football; he has two homes, but lives mainly in an £80,000 house called 'Offside', in a northern suburb of Leeds with a brace of aunties and uncles and his golf-playing wife, Elsie. He has a Yorkshireman's aptitude for money-making, though born in the Depression years in Middlesbrough. When a figure was mentioned during negotiations for the Leeds Club's numerous contracts with local businessmen, he'd often bang the desk and snap 'Double it'. While Ramsey was paid £7,500 by the F.A., Revie is said to be receiving something nearer £25,000. Just before the Cup Winners' Cup Final in Greece against A.C. Milan, Revie was tantalised by a £100,000 five-year contract to manage Everton. The players could not believe it, after he had demanded so much loyalty to the Club from them, but as the rumours grew, Johnny Giles and Norman Hunter went up to his hotel room to hear him tearfully admit that yes, he had to go for the 'security of his family'. Soon after, Leeds went to the Pay Board and the Everton offer was matched. He still has a lucrative consultancy contract signed with Leeds. One high Leeds official left over the method of payments to Revie, and others have criticised his connection with Cook and Hurst, a Leicester firm of shirt-makers whose sportswear product is called Admiral. The name was first emblazoned on Leeds's track suits, but as soon as Revie came to the F.A. the national side also came out as footballing sandwich-men for Admiral. What Revie made from it all, or indeed from his link with Stylo Shoes, nobody is telling.

He has also angered the press by using his position to sign an exclusive contract to discuss football in the *Evening Standard*. Other journalists thus find their own access restricted. It is not even as though everything he says in the *Standard* is startlingly new: it's said he has a collection of memorised stories, each about 500 words long. To take an example from his early youth: 'On match days the steel-workers would come tramping past our door and the eager chatter about football was music in my ears. For these were the days of unemployment and its attendant miseries. Soccer was the safety valve which kept men from wallowing in self-pity.' (*Daily Express*, 1955). 'I loved to go outside and listen to the football talk of the steel-workers as they trooped past our front door. Those were the days of the Depression and, for many thousands of people out of work, football provided a safety valve.' (*Evening Standard*, 1976).

For all the 'Roy of the Rovers' publicity about football the soccer world is suspicious of outsiders, but Leeds, under Revie, was more prickly than most. Even the relationship with the crowd was not always warm by Revie's own admission. Shankly, for example, would never have insulted the

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city by not attending a Lord Mayor's reception in the way that Revie's team did in 1969. Their loyalties were directed to the Club first and to the game itself as a poor second. Much has been written about the tight-knit family atmosphere at Leeds of which Revie was so proud. The nucleus of the side joined the Club at 15 (apart from invaluable exceptions like Bobby Collins and Giles). They grew up together into what one player describes as 'Revie rip-offs'. There were no stars bigger than the rest, no cliques, and few transfer-listed players. Revie frequently reminded them to thank God that they were lucky enough to be footballers and not turning screws in an assembly line. On his arrival, he made sure that the players' wages and facilities were improved, saying that second-class travel and second-class hotels made second-class players. He dressed them in the all-white colours of Real Madrid and instilled into them that they were the best, the most professional. He had a mastery of motivation by making players identify themselves with the Club; no one was allowed a clash of obligations. The Club came before representing your country, and wives and family became part of the Club. Illnesses, babies and birthdays never went unmarked by either a bowl of fruit, a card or visit. He advised them to marry early for stability and then told them that 'professionalism is, if you like, not having sex on Thursdays and Fridays'. His often-used phrase 'living right' reveals an incurable itch to get inside the psychology of his players, to be with them, and advise them on anything from marital problems to ball control. Wild pranksters, like Billy Bremner and Jackie Charlton, were moulded into lynch-pins of the side and are now, themselves, successful managers. In the mid-60's, Revie could proudly proclaim that 'there are no Mods and Rockers here', and, indeed, it was true, judging by the identikit haircuts, the Bingo, carpet bowls and sing-alongs that led to Alan Ball's outburst that Revie produced nothing but donkeys.

If the Continent invented Total Football, Revie's trademark is Total Managership. Twenty-page dossiers are compiled on the weakness of the opposition, the ground and the referee. He has an urge to control and to worry about details. No one sitting on the subs' bench with him can avoid a neurotic barrage of discarded chewing gum, mints and cigars. No eventuality is left unconsidered; he even covers the unpredictable by a streak of superstition. He won't go back through the front door if he's left something behind – it has to be passed through the window. There are lucky dish cloths, trainers' kettles, unlucky green and peacock brooches, lucky separate rooms for the family to listen to away matches, and lucky suits. When Revie first arrived at Leeds a gipsy was sent to each corner of the ground to mumble spells and lift a curse.

His competitiveness takes him, for many, over the edge of responsibility. Surprisingly, for a man so keen on discipline among his players, the headlines that followed him during his playing days in the Fifties are superficially reminiscent of a Stan Bowles – disciplined for going on holiday to Blackpool without permission, refusing to play in designated positions; four transfer requests at Manchester City; five different clubs, creating a then transfer record aggregate of £83,000, earning him the name 'the unhappy wanderer. As a result of what must have been back-seat management, he was described in the press as 'a restless and single-minded moaner'. With a typical paradox he called his autobiography *The Happy Wanderer.*

Yet the most unpopular feature of Revie is the influence Leeds have had on the game's development. Other managers might not have admired their style, but they did the results that style brought. One football writer argues that Revie looked at what he had at Leeds and made the decision that they would have to kick their way up the League table. Rapidly his team become a byword in the press for premeditated dirty play. They may have been fined £3,000 for unduly undisciplined conduct, and it may be part of Revie's own past, but the heritage lingers on.

Since taking over the enormous problems of England, Revie has again been meticulously thorough, but his strengths may not be applicable to his new job. Much of what he has done has been a success. But as yet no definite tactical pattern or team, let alone a family, has been founded. For one thing, the mature international stars, set in their attitudes and styles, cannot be moulded as could the gawky 15-year-olds of a Leeds youth team. The loneliness and frustration of being a manager without a team for much of the time means that Revie must adjust once again. Revie is so strongly competitive a man that you have to work with him to appreciate his warmth and the loyalty he can command. Whether in the short time he has, he can demonstrate these characteristics to his players or make them play naturally within his tactical formula is debatable. The honour of having been player of the year and his record at Leeds might be enough for some but he'll want to keep going until he worries it right.

Jeremy Bentham

Marriage and Means

Anyone presenting himself at Tottenham magistrates' court seeking adjustment of financial rights and obligations may reflect on the telling phrase in the report of the Finer Committee on One Parent Families that 'much of the Victorian inheritance of one matrimonial law for the better-off, and another for the poor, has survived unchanged into the present'. He may, in particular, be surprised at the justices' total ignorance of the supplementary benefit system as it impinges on the family finances.

But Victoria still rules in our magistrates' courts, as they continue to operate the old matrimonial jurisdiction. They deal daily in matrimonial 'offences', adultery, cruelty, desertion, and they make findings of 'guilt' against wicked spouses. On the whole, it is the poorer among the working classes who naturally use these courts; the middle classes sensibly steer clear. And an ex-husband with a new family who wants to reduce an old maintenance order, suffers from the magistrate's ideas of matrimonial fault. To keep the record straight the Law Commission has recently recommended the removal of the individual fault concept from magistrates' courts. But meanwhile, at Tottenham, the old order reigns supreme.

Mr Lewis had to go twice before he achieved much of a reduction in the £2 weekly he was supposed to pay his former wife. She was on supplementary benefit, so the amount made no difference to her; when he paid, her benefit was proportionally reduced. But Mr Lewis went off diligently every day to earn his poverty and keep his new wife, and three children, on £35 a week gross. After paying his tax and his fares to work he came home with £1 more than his benefit entitlement. When he paid the £2 maintenance order he was therefore below the poverty line. Not much sympathy down Tottenham way; the second time they reduced the £2 to 50p a week, once they had managed to grasp all the simple benefit calculations they needed to be told about. Nobody benefits from such weak compromises. The 50p remains a worry to Mr Lewis; the first Mrs Lewis gets no help from it; the court wastes time and money handling the cash; but no doubt the magistrates sleep well.

Mr Craig was even more unfortunate. He recently became seriously ill, unable to work, and was supposed to pay his former wife £10 weekly: but he now has a common-law wife and two children to look after. The supplementary benefits people do not pay extra to those who have to pay maintenance, but they quite properly advised him, when he was given benefit, to apply to the magistrates for the court order to be waived. Not much sympathy though in Tottenham.

The ex-wife was earning about her supplementary benefit entitlement, but Mr Craig's only money was his benefit. The court took a dim view of his having a colour TV and a telephone. They did reduce the £10 to £5, and so only pushed Mr Craig, his common-law wife and his two children £5 below the level laid down as the minimum for subsistence. The magistrates clearly believe that supplementary benefit is generous enough to allow recipients to pay £5 of it to someone else. In Tottenham they are also happily ignorant of a string of High Court decisions which are binding on them, where orders have not been made, because to do so would push husbands below subsistence level. The higher courts may be stuffy, expensive and slow, but they do know the rules. Anybody with matrimonial troubles should at least try to avoid the magistrates' courts – in particular the one at Tottenham.

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William Hall

Goodbye to All That ?

For many years after the first world war, tens of thousands gathered around the Cenotaph in London at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month. Soldiers and civilians were pressed together in Whitehall, with pinpricks of red, bright against the sombre uniforms and suits. Elsewhere, schoolchildren were brought out into the schoolyards to listen for the maroon, and fidget through the two minutes' silence It was an awesome occasion but one which is no longer as impressive, for Remembrance Day has, to a great extent, been anaesthetised by being moved to Sunday. It's not the same either for the ex-servicemen's organisations, which, like the poppy, blossomed in the early Twenties. Age and inflation have taken their toll.

The Last Post has already sounded for many of the groups set up to represent veterans of World War I. The Salonika Association and the D.C.M. League are, for example, no more. Last year, the Old Contemptibles, the survivors of the retreat from Mons, went on parade at Aldershot for the final time. 'Thirty thousand chums used to turn up in our heyday,' said the general secretary of the Association, Mr Preston: 'We had a great deal of pride and were in fact the only group allowed to parade in the City of London.' Now their average age is 84, and there are not many left. They reminisce but only, they say, about the pleasurable times; the horrors are best forgotten. The Association is currently being wound up, and surplus money will probably go to the Army Benevolent Fund.

However, a surprising number of World War I veterans are still alive. The British Legion put the figure at 440,000, and indeed point out that there are still over a thousand left from the Boer War. 'It's amazing how they hang on,' said a British Legion Official, 'I went on a visit to the Somme recently, which nearly killed me, but the old boys seemed to thrive on it.' Unfortunately, not all are so active. The British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association, for example, look after nearly 4,000 crippled men. As they put it: 'Add old age to loss of limbs and you've got some very sad cases.' Of course, there's also the problem of dependants. (One group has just been asked to help a war-widow claim benefit for her husband who was killed in one of the battles of the Somme.) The Ex-Servicemen's Mental Welfare Society at present help about 5,500 1914-18 veterans in mental hospitals. They sadly maintain that the mental strain caused by fighting often remains dormant for between 20 and 25 years. Now, therefore, they're beginning to deal with an increasing number of cases from the second war, men who for no apparent reason have suddenly turned to drink or violence.

Most ex-servicemen's organisations then will not die with those they were formed to help. For the foreseeable future, they're expecting a continuing demand for their services. The organisations say they're as necessary today as they were in 1921 when the first President of the British Legion, Earl Haig, declared: 'Not for doles and depression did we fight, but for progress and prosperity.' Then, as now, the Legion and affiliated organisations acted as pressure groups for the men who 'served their country in war' (though they never achieved anything like the political influence of their counterparts in the United States). Of course, preserving esprit de corps and meeting old 'chums' is only one function, but as Mr Ron Pennells of the British Legion explained, ceremony at least is no longer as important; 'The second world war man is not as keen on marching. He's more cynical.' He recalled marching two miles to a church in blazing sunshine, and then a mile back for tea. At the end of it all, he had to pay for his tea, and he thought 'never again'. Mr Pennells maintained the Legion were not glorifying war, they were trying to clear up after it.

That in itself is a complex and increasingly costly operation. The Legion see themselves as filling in the gaps left by the welfare state. Through a network of committees throughout the country, they distribute blankets, arrange loans and provide accommodation. They also run a few light industries. A poppy factory in south-west London gives sheltered employment to about 145 men. The works is remarkable not only for producing seven poppies a second each working day, but also for having pictures of the Queen stuck onto the machines – rather like *Sun* page three girls elsewhere. The British Legion also provide attendants, make road signs, weave tweeds and boast that a third of the taxi-drivers in London were trained by them. They, along with other such organisations, run homes too, an expensive item on the accounts. St Dunstan's, for example, still cares for over 1,500 blind ex-servicemen and many are looked after at their home at Brighton. Other groups – like the Not Forgotten Association – have more restricted commitments. They provide television sets for the severly disabled, holidays, concerts and two parties at Buckingham Palace each year.

'Inflation,' says the annual report of SSAFA – the Soldiers' Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association – 'has played havoc with the cost of giving . . . undermining our resources while at the same time inflicting real hardship on those we seek to help.' The British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association said that fund-raising was becoming increasingly difficult as memories of the two wars grew fainter. SSAFA pointed to a bizarre consequence of the advertisements hailing the 'man's life in the Army'. The public, they reckoned, now felt that servicemen and women had a good life. So who should need to reach in their pockets for collecting boxes?

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The Polish Radio is running another competition for listeners abroad. The main prizes are all-expenses-paid ten-day trips to this country, with dozens of attractive consolation prizes for runners-up.

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06.30 — 07.00	31, 41, 49
12.00 — 12.30	41, 49
16.00 — 16.30	31, 49
18.30 — 19.00	41, 49
20.30 — 21.00	41, 49
22.30 — 23.00	41, 49, 75 and 200 metres

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GOOD LUCK !

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London Diary

☐ Only two runners, I believe, now remain in the *Observer*'s London Gold Cup – its Doncaster one was cancelled this autumn for reasons of economy. Both Sir James Goldsmith and the Hon. Vere Harmsworth were this week providing further and better particulars of the bids each had already made. The betting at least on Wednesday favoured Mr Harmsworth and Associated Newspapers – if only because David Astor and Lord Goodman are both implacably opposed to selling the paper to Goldsmith. So would I be if I were the *Observer*'s editor or a member of its staff. The logical and probable consequence of any takeover from Goldsmith – given his year-old notoriety as the persecutor of *Private Eye* – cannot help being a number of readers cancelling their orders (just as some did when, in a fit of lunacy or perhaps just of absence of mind, Astor himself engaged Randolph Churchill to be the paper's political columnist in the early 1960s). Papers, like political parties, step that far out of character only at risk to their lives, to say nothing of their immortal souls.

☐ What, then, about Associated Newspapers? How can the *Observer* possibly hold up its head if it is to become a stable-companion to that right-wing cheer leader, the *Daily Mail*? The easy answer to that is, of course, that even Mr Harmsworth allowed the London *Evening News* to come out for Labour in 1974. But the easy answer, as always, is not the satisfactory one. The harsh truth is that if the *Observer* does fall into the arms of the Associated Newspaper empire, it will become no more than a pawn in the battle-to-the-death the Harmsworths are currently waging with Beaverbrook Newspapers. Anyone inclined to dismiss that should look up what the *Daily Mail* originally had to say in breaking the news of Mr Murdoch's initial negotiations with the *Observer*:

> His target is said to be the *Sunday Express*, which at the moment holds the middle-ground readership on Sunday without any opposition. It is believed that Mr Murdoch feels that this paper, with its ageing readership and fixed and dated formula, is extremely vulnerable.

I have no idea whether Mr Murdoch – still the 'sleeper' in the whole protracted transaction – 'feels' that. I am, on the other hand, pretty certain that Mr Harmsworth does – and would greatly relish the opportunity of trying to prove it.

☐ Not that print has any monopoly of drama at the moment. Next Monday is the final day on which recommendations will be received for appointment as the next DG of the BBC. 'Keep your eye on the dark horse at the back of the field' always used to be Iain Macleod's advice on these, or at least similar, occasions. Following his counsel I'd record a small bet on someone whose name I have not so far seen publicly mentioned – Lord Vaizey, the A/B readers' and listeners' favourite pundit and currently Professor of Economics at Brunel University. A far-fetched notion? Hardly, at least when you look at the relevant ingredient in the equation: the Governors of the BBC who will actually make the final decision. By my count no less than four out of the surviving 11 (Lord Feather has not yet been replaced) are now, or have been at some time, academics. What more natural – especially given that the chairman of the BBC himself is a former vice-chancellor – than that their eyes should currently be straying towards familiar groves?

☐ The Parliamentary Select Committee on the Poulson affair started its work this week – work apparently that on a conservative estimate is likely to last at least six months. Apart from the whole secrecy element, I'm bothered about two other aspects. The first is that the investigators and judges – the 11 members of the committee (five Labour, four Tory, one Liberal and one Scot Nat.) – are necessarily one and the same: unlike a congressional committee, it has no Special Counsel to examine witnesses. But the second, and perhaps more serious, cause for disquiet is that, although five members of the committee are QCs, absolutely no allocation of public funds has so far been made to enable anyone summoned to appear before it to have legal aid. No doubt Mr John Cordle MP can well afford to brief counsel. But can Mr Poulson himself, Mr T. Dan Smith – or indeed any innocent person who may find himself required to appear before this 1976 model of the Star Chamber?

☐ I hear a nice story about Lord Home. Like the publishers of the Crossman *Diaries* (reviewed this week on page 679 by Edward Boyle), he went through all the proper motions of sending his book *The Way the Wind Blows* to Sir John Hunt in the cabinet office for vetting and approval. Unlike Jonathan Cape, however, who never even had the courtesy of an official okay from the cabinet office, Lord Home received a most prompt and accommodating reply confirming that there was not a single word in the book to which the cabinet office could possibly take exception. It was, if Sir John might be allowed to say so, an absolute model of its kind. Lord Home was much gratified until he turned the letter over and saw what was on the other side. There at least lay proof that Sir John takes his duties as a literary critic seriously. Was Lord Hume quite sure that he had got the date of his appointment to the Foreign Office quite right? The period during which he had been prime minister had not perhaps been totally accurately calculated. Possibly he might agree that a split infinitive was on the whole best avoided? No offence was taken: indeed, Lord Home is said to have been very appreciative.

☐ Cyril Bennett was one of the ablest and best-liked figures in the TV world. As producer of the *This Week* programme, he gave *Panorama* a tremendous run for its money, and provided Associated-Rediffusion with the only real distinction they possessed. At LWT his success was more chequered, but he was undoubtedly the creative and dynamic element in the company. Socially and intellectually he was absolutely classless. He was as much at home among studio and TV crews as he was with writers and prime ministers. His conversation was an extraordinary mixture of political sophistication, mid-Atlantic showbiz patter and East End Jewish humour. He crackled with ideas, many of them terrible, some outright winners; his jokes were gruesome or hilarious by turns. Fundamentally, however, he was a serious man, who regarded his work as an honour and a responsibility, which worried him a lot. There was a streak of profound melancholy in Cyril which prefigured his end, and which reminded me strongly of the ever-lamented Vicky.

☐ My colleague Paul Johnson told *Daily Telegraph* readers on Saturday that the House of Lords were right in their current course, because we had too much hasty legislation. This version of 'more means worse' seems incongruous to me, since it was Paul who wrote the extant introduction to George Dangerfield's *Strange Death of Liberal England*. That marvellous book contains the best-ever account of Lloyd George's passage of arms with their lordships, and draws the famous distinction between 'Ditchers' (diehards) and 'Hedgers' (pragmatists). The Hedgers won that day, wisely for the Lords, while at the moment the shellbacks seem to be setting the pace.

☐ I was wondering how the *Mirror* Group would treat Hugh Cudlipp's revelations about their deluded ex-chairman Cecil King. There must be many a pigeon and whippet-fancier who would be fascinated to find what manner of man was running his daily read in the dog-days of 1968. The *Sunday Mirror* carried a rather tentative and jolly piece by Bob Edwards this week, which repeated many an old joke to great effect. In one of these, the word 'tart', used as a noun, was asterisked and, at the foot of the column, was noted as 'old-fashioned name for a prostitute'. Publish and be coy. What sort of people do they think we are?

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The action of the Left-wing of the Scottish Labour Party which has left the Left-wing Scottish Labour Party which left the Labour Party in Scotland has meant that there is not much left of the Scottish Labour Party – *Labour Weekly* (Dickson Mabon)

☐ A 17-year-old cat burglar who made nearly £5,000 in a matter of months finally gave himself up to police, saying: 'I thought I was getting a bit old to be doing this sort of thing.' – *Daily Express* (M. Boom)

☐ Lord Butler commented: 'There is no question at all about the food being bad. It is absolute nonsense. The undergraduates have a three-course meal and there is nothing to complain about. Some of the crowned heads of Europe, together with Prince Charles, have eaten here and it does not seem to have done them any harm.' – *The Times* (Anthony H. Michell)

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University Forum

Judith Williamson*

All Quiet on the Western Coast

'No Establishment-style coffee served here.' The surprising 'one-mile law' in Berkeley, prohibiting consumption of liquor within a one-mile radius of campus, has given rise to a rash of coffee shops where middle-class American life is defied by the above proclamation. These coffee houses (shades of 18th-century London) replace bars as gathering points in the university area; 'The Mediterranean' on Telegraph Avenue is an old centre of revolutionary talk and activity, and can still boast sporadic police raids and brawls. But sitting at a grimy table in the 'Med', carrying on the battle against bourgeois values and freeze-dried granules by sipping a *cappuccino*, you notice among the ageing revolutionaries in the Ché berets, the thin and bleary-eyed acid freaks, and the dirty-fingernailed writers surrounded by never finished manuscripts, a long-haired youth, rolling his eyes and talking feverishly to himself, who is unable to hold his revolutionary cup of coffee without spilling it. He is in a corner of every coffee-house in town: or two, or three of him: and it is impossible to walk up Telegraph Avenue to school in the morning, without stepping over ten or 20 of him, lying on the sidewalk at right-angles to the kerb: the luckier of him will be in sleeping bags, and the more articulate of him will offer you a joint. He is an overgrown hippy.

As you reach Sproul Plaza, the entrance to the university, there is no break in continuity. The man with a red, pockmarked face shouts out the Word of the Lord and threatens doom. Orange and Peace wanders aimlessly around. Orange and Peace is a strange and vacant youth who wears orange jeans and sweatshirt and headband, and carries a polythene bag filled with oranges, offering them to people. He eats only oranges, and believes in Orange and Peace. On a diet like that he is understandably extremely sick, physically as well as mentally. He really exists and lived in the rooming house where I had a study.

These were my first impressions of Berkeley: it is these demented and destitute figures which stand out and shock the newcomer, though one gradually learns to screen them out. And inevitably, looking at these casualties and relics of the great Sixties' movement, one asks – if this is its discarded shell, where have its inner direction and energies gone?

It takes far longer to answer this question than to ask it, for the strength and enthusiasm which fuelled the free speech movement and the anti-war campaign are no longer thrown into the sharp profile that such specific aims afford, and have seeped back, some would say slipped backwards, into general student life, community life, and to a certain limited extent, academic life.

Berkeley life *is* student life in many respects. With an intake last year of over 27,000 at the University, it is clear that simply in terms of numbers, the student body is very strong. The union building is like a vast shopping centre inside, with facilities for every activity imaginable: a combination of student fun-palace and citizens' advice bureau. What is significant about these things is that students take them for granted. This is not to say that they don't notice them, but that they *use* them and expect to use them as their right. Exploiting the environment and having a conscious, active relationship to it is a peculiarly American thing: we inherit our culture; Americans create theirs. If they want a kung-fu workshop they will start one; if they need a feminist lawyer, or a karate teacher, or an acupuncture doctor, they will get one; if they want marijuana or brown rice they will grow it; if they want to challenge their grades or complain about a teacher the union will back them up. At Berkeley the very passivity of accepting these facilities as their due, rather than having to fight for them, shows a new kind of student self-confidence: they expect more than we do, and they get it. They publish a critical guide to professors unabashedly pointing out who is bad, and they play rock music in the open air at lunchtime; assuming both the right to learn and the right to enjoy. This energetic ability to create and also to take from the environment is hard to define, though it is an atmosphere; but I know that it does not exist in the same way in English universities.

'And here is a message of goodwill from Mr Brezhnev, hoping that I too will be a crook.'

One reason for the difference is that the large scale and heavy bureaucracy of the educational system at Berkeley does not obscure, as in England, the basic functional relationship between student and institution. The university is a huge machine: the new student's first problem is learning to file cards for the central computer, which controls everything and spits you out of the system if you make a mistake. It is hard to identify with something so impersonal, and American students are very aware of themselves as a body independent of particular institutions. This detachment is built into the structure of academic work: each department offers a sort of termly menu of courses, from which the student chooses like a customer or client. You pay your money, make your choice, get your grades. Berkeley students work because they have a business-like attitude to the university.

And its role as a focus of identity is filled by the local 'alternative' community as a whole. The student movement has filtered out into a broader solidarity based more on life-style than on revolutionary ideology. Local politics – campaigns like the recent 'Yes on proposition 15' (to curb nuclear development) – are replacing the emphasis on Vietnam and Washington. Ex-Sixties activists are settling down and putting their energy into local projects like tenants' groups, food co-ops, and alternative 'free' schools (for the hippies are now mums and dads). The rebels whose blood was shed – literally – over the soil of 'People's Park' (an open space claimed as people's property from building development) are now growing aubergines in their allotments on it. Revolutionary groups still exist but are mostly composed of a few trainee guerrillas, more interested in China than California. Brown rice has, by and large, replaced the hand-grenade as a measure of one's distance from bourgeois society.

Not all the protest movement veterans, however, are satisfied with peaceful and vegetarian retirement from the campus scene. Many students from the 1960s are now teaching at Berkeley, and have brought their political consciousness into the classroom. Yet the saddest thing is that despite, or probably because of, the fact that these people put into their teaching today all the principles of freedom and classroom democracy that they themselves fought for ten years ago, they are the most disillusioned of all the ex-activists. The students now are not interested: they want the goods just like it says on the back of the packet. One professor was teaching a freshman's language course, politically – that is, trying to show that language itself is not 'neutral': she was told, 'Cut the crap lady, just tell us what to do to get an A in the exam.' Berkeley is no longer a politically exciting campus: these freshmen were in grade school during the free speech movement, and the Vietnam war is over. Freedom has become simply the freedom to be weird; even the 'anti-establishment coffee' shops are *owned* by a capitalist chain.

**Judith Williamson is now reading English at Sussex University. Her book,* Decoding Advertisements, *is to be published next autumn.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Any Complaints ?

I regret to report that I'm a bit ratty again. Just a passing mood, don't you know, as it hardly needs me to tell you that I would normally call myself Sunny Jim, had not that jolly name been rightly allotted by the public prints to our Prime Minister, the merry Susie Sunshine of the telly screen, bringing a warm glow of cheer and confidence into every agitated home. No need to worry, it seems. And no need at all for us to reduce our living standards, or have petrol rationing, or eat less meat, or revert to wartime conditions, or do anything at all that might help the country except hold on tight as the downhill pace builds up. Hard luck on those of us who, in an effort to get things right, are truly hungry for hardships.

But there's such a lot happening that doesn't seem right to me. I'm rather puzzled about vigilantes and authority's loudly expressed disapproval of them. It is not as if they would have at their command machine-guns or nuclear deterrents. If a body of right-minded citizens should wish to act as guards to the elderly and infirm and, by their presence, discourage hoodlums, then why not, for heaven's sake? Down here at Appleton in Devon we haven't really a very wide experience of 'muggings', as we too have come to call them. It is true that about three years ago, our delightful but absent-minded Miss Bellamy, aged 83, exited from our sub-post-office clutching by mistake the bag of Miss Entwhistle, aged 79, who pursued her down the road with frenzied shrieks of 'Oh no you don't!' Miss Bellamy, spouting regrets and explanations, had at no point physically assaulted Miss Entwhistle in order to wrest her bag from her, so perhaps this doesn't rank as a bona fide 'mugging'. We did not call in the police (it used to be a cheerful chap on a bicycle, living locally, but now they come in fast cars from far afield). We are, however, not all that far from Torquay, now, how sadly and unsuitably, a centre of disturbance, and if the contagion spreads, I shall encourage Colonel Bultitude and the Rector to enlist and drill able-bodied persons as vigilantes so that when my Cousin Madge decides to make one of her lightning dashes to the village shops, she has merely to alert the posse.

I have to watch my words when writing of the Post Office as its General Manager gets *blessé* and sends me huffy letters (no longer stamped, I note, with USE THE POST-CODE, a cry which falls increasingly on deaf ears), but I don't understand the Sunday post. Everybody, even the Post Office, is now agreed that Saturday collection is a pointless dottiness and the absence of a Sunday collection intolerable. But, we are told, it is not going to be reinstated until next May, so that the present system, plainly acknowledged as a disaster by all, can 'run the full year'. Why? Where is the virtue in that? Why not let something agreeable happen? And speaking of which, now that the Post Office makes a handsome profit, and I should hope so from its charges, cannot senior citizens be each allowed to send a few Christmas cards very cheaply? The loss of revenue would be tiny, the gain in human terms vast, and not only among the happy users. The public in general would applaud this Christian act. I sometimes think that those who rule us and organise our lives have no knowledge whatsoever of human nature. If you've a spare copy of *Psychology for Beginners* hanging about, do please bring it along to Mount Pleasant (sic).

Life grows daily more weird and peculiar: how hilarious the occupants of looney-bins must find the alleged sane as they gaze unenviously out at us. British Rail, astonished (I'm not) at finding their new high-speed trains only a third full, are hoping to coax passengers on board by advertising peppercorn fares (the last time I boarded a train in Devon, the only bookstall was shut, on a weekday at 3 p.m., the train indicator showing trains' make-up was empty, and a disembodied voice with a heavy head-cold announced that where a buffet-car had been scheduled, there would be no buffet-car). Meanwhile, a computer has gone off its head and is showering motorists all over the country with driving-licence reminders printed in the Welsh language. School mathematics inspectors inform us that school-children learning tables become 'frustrated', poor things (much more frustrating, surely, not to know that seven times eight is 54, or whatever).

There is, however, cheering news for those involved in the increasingly popular and profitable career of shoplifting ('Make it shoplifting for *your* daughter!'). A lady of 63, nabbed after stuffing a shoulder-bag and two pairs of tights down her woolly, shyly confessed in court to the bench chairman that she was a gifted pianist and found herself sentenced to supplying 100 hours of assorted melodies to the residents of an old people's home. My own way ahead is now clear. When I am caught cramming Marks & Spencer 'convenience foods' (none better) into my plastic mac, I shall tell the chairman that I have a pleasing light baritone, get sentenced to 100 hours of sea shanties, and make a bee-line for that old people's home. He is not to know, and indeed it is not now at all widely known, that 50 years ago I entered for a choral scholarship at Caius College, Cambridge, and the examiners, after they had heard me, wincing, through my scales, would not even let me *start* on my 'song of the candidate's own choice'.

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Letters to the Editor

Technocracy Revisited

Sir, Dr Jeremy Bray's call (NS 29 October) for more use of mathematical (econometric) models and control theory in economic policy-making has an air of *déja vu* about it. For some readers, it will conjure up memories of the technocracy movement which flourished briefly in the United States during the 1930s. Headed by a nobody named Howard Scott, the movement included a number of engineers and economists and drew support from Henry Luce and a number of other important financiers. Its basic *raison d'être* was the frustration of its members at the apparent inability of the political system to cope with the economic problems of the Depression, and their shared belief that only by making use of the 'rational' and 'scientific' methods of engineers and scientists could the economic crisis be overcome. According to Scott, the ultimate result of handing over power to the engineers would be that 'man, for the first time in history, finds himself occupying a position in which a complete utilisation of his knowledge would assure the arrival of certainty in a continental social mechanism'.

The Technocracy movement was effectively submerged by the New Deal, and FDR's demonstration that the conventional political system was not quite as ineffectual as Scott & Co. imagined. But it was never wiped out. In Britain, the operational research of Blackett and others during World War II demonstrated that mathematics could be useful in solving certain, hitherto intractable, problems. Since then the Technocrats have been making a slow but steady comeback, as witnessed by the ubiquity of mathematical programming models in industrial planning, and of cost-benefit models in deciding the locations of airports and motorways, to take just two examples. In recent years, the modellers have even moved into the apocalypse business with the publication of the MIT Report on *Limits to Growth* with its simplistic, computerised predictions of doom.

Seen against this background, Dr Bray's proposals take on a slightly different appearance. He is – perhaps without realising it – the intellectual heir of an ideological movement which is not quite as pristine as some of its adherents would have us believe. Having said that, it is only fair to add some *caveats*. First, Dr Bray is no reincarnation of Howard Scott; on the contrary, he is an accomplished mathematician, and a thoughtful and widely-read man. Secondly, it should be remembered that the particular tradition of mathematical modelling which he advocates – econometrics – has consistently been more discriminating, methodologically speaking, than some other branches of the trade. In other words, it would be unfair to tar Dr Bray with the *Limits to Growth* brush.

Nevertheless, the background of the Technocracy movement may perhaps explain why it is possible to be sceptical about his proposals without being a knave or a fool, or both. To my mind, they pose two problems. First, to what extent would the extensive use of control models be anti-democratic? And secondly, are his proposals methodologically viable?

On the first question, there is no doubt where the earlier Technocrats stood. They regarded democracy as a tiresome nuisance. Howard Scott himself suggested that the main problem facing the movement was that of removing the 'riff-raff of social institutions' which blocked the way to more 'scientific' government. In contrast, Dr Bray's commitment to democracy is not in doubt. But would his proposals merely add to the cult of the expert in Whitehall? The answer, I think, is 'yes'; but he would probably argue that the question is irrelevant anyway since that particular pass was sold long ago. Whitehall is already teeming with 'experts': all Dr Bray is proposing to do is to add another category of expertise to the government machine. He presumably also feels that the discipline of building and maintaining a comprehensive, on-going econometric model would deny economic advisers the luxury of personal intellectual U-turns of the kind recently admitted to by Lord Kaldor in *The Times*. But one wonders if things would work out quite like that: after all – as the rise and decline of the famous 'Phillips Curve' indicates – econometricians can do a U-turn with the best of them. And that still leaves unanswered the question of whether a government armed with, and committed to, control theory would be more amenable to democratic supervision than one under the present policy-making system.

The second question we must ask is whether the craft of econometric modelling is advanced enough for the awesome burdens which Dr Bray would place on it. Clearly, he is convinced that it is; others, including myself, are less sure, for reasons which have to do with the difficulty of validating econometric models.

Econometricians have tended to be rather reticent on this matter. They accept the need to subject their models to tests, and make strenuous efforts to relate the form and parameters of their models' relationships to real-world data. Until recently, however, their approach to the problem of model validation has been epistemologically naïve. They have taken their lead mainly from Milton Friedman's assertion that predictive tests are *sufficient* to establish the validity or otherwise of economic models.

Taken to its logical conclusion, this view of the validation problem is obviously deficient. And there is some evidence that the econometrics profession is backing away from Friedman's position on this question. A high-powered committee of American practitioners, for example, has considered the problem afresh. They expressed concern that 'the process of systematic model evaluation has – with some noteworthy exceptions – lagged seriously behind the process of multi-model proliferation'. And, after considering some attempts at model evaluation, they came to the following sombre, conclusion:

> What stands out most clearly from all these evaluation exercises is that . . . we suffer the lack of a clear and accepted basis for the selection of proper criteria for model evaluation.

The point of this is not that such criteria will never be developed, or that models which satisfy them will never be built. It is simply that the Committee on Policy Optimisation should not rush in where some of their peers (though not Dr Bray) fear to tread.

JOHN NAUGHTON

Open University
Milton Keynes

Why Labour Betrays Socialism

Sir, Paul Johnson (NS 5 November) has written an excellent and lucid exposition of the failure of the present government to govern well, but has failed to list any particularly socialist policies which would result in a more agreeable social order, or a more comfortable economic condition than we presently endure. Instead he trots out this hackneyed trio in his first paragraph, to none of which he makes any subsequent reference:

(1) Transferring the ownership of the means of production from private to public hands.
(2) Rewarding the industrious and helping the needy.
(3) Applying intelligence and reason to the organisation of society.

Of these, the first is condemned in his penultimate paragraph, unless he has in mind some form of public ownership which does not involve nationalisation. The second becomes meaningless if it proves that the needy can only be helped at the expense of the industrious, although possibly both aims could be achieved together by raising the thresholds for all rates of direct taxation, and introducing 'negative income tax' for the most deprived members of the community. These ideas (although not the manner in which they are to be financed) enjoy considerable currency in Conservative Party circles, but their specifically socialist character escapes me for the moment. As for the third, all parties promise that they can and will do this, but for a socialist party to claim a monopoly of intelligence or reason is as impertinent as for the Tories to claim a monopoly of patriotism.

But perhaps I wrong Mr Johnson. It may be that his next article will contain an exciting and attractive description of what socialism is – if only to balance this vigorous and repulsive account of what it is not.

C. N. GILMORE

39 Beechcroft Road
Oxford

The Metropolitan Poet

Sir, If anyone should be allowed to speak *ex cathedra* about matters of verse technique, I suppose it is Roy Fuller. I bow to his authority. Unfortunately when I lift my head again the problems are still there, not to be solved by fiat. 'We'll have lunch when I get back from Gstaad' is a perfectly acceptable line in the context of the lines around it. If Mr Fuller does not want to be instructed on this point by a barbarian (I own the soft impeachment) he can always refer to his copy of *Modern Poetry*, by Louis MacNeice – a prosodist whose excellence I am sure he will gladly acknowledge. Defending Dr Johnson's famous friend, who thought that if a line had ten syllables it was blank verse, MacNeice argues that, just because the rhythms of a line like

Put your knife and your fork across your plate

is not fit to be repeated throughout a poem, doesn't mean that it shouldn't enter a poem at all. In other words, MacNeice was arguing for the admissibility, even the necessity, of variations. And as Mr Fuller and Mr Fenton would know if they had ever written long poems for dramatic presentation, variations are the life of dialogue. Although here again, judging from the poem of Mr Fuller's which you printed in your latest issue, liberty ought not to mean licence. Mr Fuller can't really think that anything of mine scans as awkwardly as

One of the Defence Establishments, perhaps

in which the first foot appears to be some four-legged beast resembling a dactyl with a supererogatory pedal extremity. A dogtyl? A dingle foot?

It is plainly to be my fate, which I am already used to, that my poems shall be reviewed by hacks and dolts. But when, by some miracle, my work falls into the hands of a competent literatus such as Mr Fenton, it is truly galling to find him patronising me as an exuberant ignoramus. I know the faults of my poems better than he does. They are faults in the drawing of character, in the staging of action: failures of imagination,

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which I regret, and hope one day to repair. The technical errors Mr Fenton spent his whole notice pointing to would have been side issues even had he been right. But mainly he was wrong, and Mr Fuller's solemn decrees make him no less so

As for Mr Paul Theroux, there is not a lot to be said. He obviously shares with some of my dumber critics the notion that what distinguished Augustan satire was its cruelty. In fact cruelty was what Pope had in common with his own critics, who like mine were mediocrities virtually to a man, sharing the same delusion that they too could compose in couplets when the mood took them. What made Pope important was that his humanity could overcome his cruelty. The point is not a very fine one and it does not take too much brain to grasp it. All it takes is a modicum of imagination, which I am sure Mr Theroux possesses in his finer moments, when he is not consumed with laughter at the idea of some crazy lady scaring Gerald Ford with a toy pistol.

Words can scarcely convey my awe that Donald Davie should turn his Olympian attention to this tiny battle, but let me assure him that I actually meant what I said when I called Mr Fenton 'a poet of stature'. On the day he reviewed my poem Mr Fenton might have revealed himself to be an execrable critic, but he is still the author of *Terminal Moraine* – a volume of chastening accomplishment. I beg Professor Davie to credit my sincerity on this point and refrain from carrying out his threat to cease reviewing poetry for the NEW STATESMAN, with the consequent inevitable damage to the paper's circulation, the economy of the country and the future of civilisation in the West.

CLIVE JAMES

Cambridge

Vice Versa

Sir, Once again Christopher Hitchens in his Geneva Diary (NS 5 November) displays a particular vicious streak so typical of many socialists when referring to Rhodesia and South Africa: 'If I were an African living at the mercy of Van der Byl's drawling wit, my fingers would itch for an AK-47.'

I'm sure the vapourings of MPs such as Stan Thorne and Tom Litterick make the fingers of many soldiers in Northern Ireland itch for their FN rifles.

ZENKO KRYSA

Tufnell Park Hall
Huddleston Road
London N7

Over-Privileged Members

Sir, Before Parliament's 'ancient privileges are put into the dustbin' can Jeremy Bentham tell us more precisely what they are? Would he bring MPs within the law of slander for what they said in Parliament? Would the law of libel apply? Or is he thinking only or mainly of corruption? Ministers are within the law as holders of a public office. MPs are not. Should they be?

The Salmon Commission was divided on this. I was firmly against Lord Salmon, the chairman, who took Jeremy Bentham's view. He failed to carry the majority of the Commission with him. To avoid *two* Notes of Dissent by the chairman (the other was on Inland Revenue secrecy), I drafted the form of words which has received so much attention lately, that Parliament should consider bringing itself within the criminal law on corruption.

The arguments for retaining the present immunity of MPs (acting in their parliamentary capacity) from being pursued in any court except the High Court of Parliament itself, cannot be lightly or brusquely disposed of. MPs are citizens elected to Parliament to be fearless in their duties. Far more than other citizens they are exposed to political malice, manoeuvre and conspiracy. The stakes are high in 'political' trials. An MP could be effectively silenced, his constituency disfranchised, and the balance of power in Parliament put in peril for months on end while a prosecution for alleged corruption was wending its way through the courts. MPs and Parliament must have some protection against the possibility that personal or political hatred might threaten them with prolonged misery if not with ruin. Moreover – and another point of substance – can Parliament remain in control of its own disciplines on the conduct of Members if the final judgment is to rest with the criminal courts?

If 'privilege' is to go, what is to stay?

HOUGHTON OF SOWERBY

110 Marsham Court
London SW1

The Two Bensons

Sir, Arthur Marshall's contributions are a perpetual delight. In 'Quiet Flows the Don', however, he muffs a catch through unawareness, presumably, of the baffling enigma of A. C. Benson's dual personality. The Benson whom he exposes was punctured once for all by Max in *The Christmas Garland.* But in real life the conversation of the other Benson was as entertaining as any I have known (and I have known Arthur Marshall's). Rich and various in anecdote and quotation, felicitous in word and phrase, spiced with malice (not infrequently directed at other dons) and abounding in a joyous sense of the absurd. His talk as host or guest was greatly appreciated by the formidable Professor Housman. These qualities shone and sparkled in his letters and lit up the biographical studies of family and friends; surpassed in that genre by his brother Fred. The real Benson could on occasion refer ruefully to the essayist and novelist beloved by spinsters at whose advances he might indulge a shudder. Numerous unpublished typescripts, beautifully bound, lined the shelves of Lamb House and one was diffidently encouraged to dip into them when retiring for the night. If he wrote the words of *Land of Hope and Glory* he also composed (in his sleep) the admirable poem *The Phoenix* which is to be found in the old *Oxford Book of English Verse,* rejected in the new by the more austere Professor Helen Gardner.

GEORGE RYLANDS

King's College
Cambridge

Orator and Audience

Sir, Once again, I must ask you to correct the falsehoods about myself, to which you seem so determined to give circulation. It is not true that at Cambridge or anywhere else I urged that anyone should 'stop talking about civil rights'. Anyone who supposed I said anything of the sort must be half-witted as well as hard of hearing or malicious, and possibly all three.

MICHAEL FOOT

Privy Council Office
London SW1

Sir, That Michael Foot's remarks on India caused profound distaste, even disgust, among his audience is undeniable. To answer a question concerning India's civil rights with a speech on its economic problems was at best irrelevant and at worst subject to the inference that Crucifer and *Stop Press* reported. It is surely significant that the majority of a presumably intelligent university audience should similarly have read this inference into his remarks. Mr Foot's true opinions on India would have been better understood if his silence on civil liberties had been matched by a silence on economic hardship.

R. JACOBS

Chairman, Cambridge Fabian Society
Pembroke College
Cambridge

Gremlinology

Sir, Gremlin time. I wrote last week it is appropriate that the next EEC Summit will discuss the Tindemans report on European union – not dismiss it, as printed. The heads of government won't do that, but its quiet burial is very much on the cards.

DAVID HAWORTH

33 Avenue Livingstone
Brussels

Time Out

Second Short Story Competition

1) Theme: open except writer should bear in mind that the story should be thematically suitable for publication in **Time Out,** and must be fiction.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

That's the Way to Treat Them

Unity Mitford: A Quest by DAVID PRYCE-JONES *Weidenfeld* £6.50

'I hate all Jews,' Unity Mitford announced to the press. 'I want everybody to know I am a Jew-hater,' she wrote to the world's leading anti-Semitic publication, Julius Streicher's *Der Stürmer*. Lauding her own family as pure-bred Aryans – and Hitler admired her as a big, heavy, blonde, bug-eyed English aristocrat in the Teutonic mould – she used to greet news of pogroms with infantile nursery hurrahs: 'Jolly good, serves them right, we should go and cheer.' *Juden sind nicht heir erwünscht* was a phrase she delighted in scrawling across her letters. 'Our anti-Semitism has called Jews in England to account,' she told the *Münchener Zeitung* in June 1935. 'I'm practising to kill Jews,' she would explain to bewildered house-party guests while shooting at targets in the garden with her tiny pistol.

One outcome of the Anschluss in the Burgenland was the rounding up and expulsion over the frontier of some 5,000 Jews, a number of whom were put on a breakwater in the Danube without food or money while others were left to drift for weeks, in utter despair, accepted by no one, down the river. 'That's the way to treat them, I wish we could do that in England to our Jews' was Unity Mitford's comment.

As war approached, Hitler offered her a choice of four flats in Munich requisitioned from their Jewish owners in the aftermath of the Kristallnacht. She inspected the four flats, this vacuous, poker-faced, dog-loving English lady, while some of the Jewish occupiers were still in residence, watching her. She was unmoved. Later she went to Hitler and complained that Stephanie Hohenlohe, whom the Führer was seeing too much of for Unity's taste, was a Jew.

The meticulous documentation of this ice-maiden's scabrous mind is the outstanding achievement of David Pryce-Jones's painstaking and highly researched investigation into the short life of the English girl who picked up Hitler in the Osteria Bavaria café in Munich in 1935 and thereafter clung to her hero like a leech. Although her friendship with Hitler was her single claim to fame, and although her life remained in essence that of the typical deb – tea parties, lunch parties, house parties – it would be a great mistake to conclude that she was too insignificant a figure to merit a full-scale biography. Unencumbered by the 'achievements' which normally attract biographers to their subjects, Mr Pryce-Jones has borrowed some of the novelist's traditional ammunition and recreated the life-style of an entire class by close attention to detail which may seem deceptively trivial.

This class is still with us. It is this class which has snarled in fury, accused the author of being a traitor to 'our world', and launched a concerted campaign to suppress the book. This campaign has been conducted and orchestrated by Unity Mitford's sister and brother-in-law, Sir Oswald and Lady (Diana) Mosley, who threw lawyers into the fray, threatened an injunction, harassed Pryce-Jones's living sources with letters of protest and succeeded in delaying publication of the book while a half-dozen sentences were excised.

Who is Lady Mosley, née Diana Mitford, and how does she attempt to explain away Unity's anti-Semitism and her own? It was Frau Goebbels, wife of the Nazi minister for propaganda, who helped to arrange her secret marriage to Mosley in Germany in 1936. After the ceremony, Hitler invited the couple to dinner. While Unity absorbed from Diana her bated-breath admiration for the Leader of the British Union of Fascists, Diana scarcely lagged behind her younger sister in her admiration for Hitler. 'Wasn't the Führer divine today?' both sisters are quoted as cooing after attending a Nuremberg Rally, in between jokes about Dachau and other concentration camps. (This book contains a charming snapshot of Unity, carrying a puppy called Fluffy, inspecting an *Arbeitslager* in the company of the Commandant.) Both sisters were invited to the 1936 Olympic Games by Hitler, and both were photographed shoulder to shoulder with SS men and storm-troopers. Lady Mosley was later interned in June 1940 under the British emergency defence regulations and, like Sir Oswald, not released until late in 1943.

Unity's anti-Semitism started, Lady Mosley has claimed in a recent review published in *Books and Bookmen*, 'years before the wholesale killing of Jews shocked the world; it was years before the war'. Unity's statement, 'I hate all Jews', has to be understood, apparently, as on a par with 'I loathe Americans' or 'the only good German is a dead German'. Having exonerated Unity, Lady Mosley hurried to dissociate herself and her husband from her sister's more radical anti-Semitism (an obvious contradiction, but no matter). What matters is the blatant historical whitewash which the Mosleys have attempted to foist on the young or the forgetful since the second world war.

Mosley, you understand, only 'opposed those Jews who were doing their utmost to get us into war with Germany,' though Lady Mosley adds, in a giveaway aside, that the escape of some 70,000 Jews to Britain before the war 'was doubtless also a factor'. Doubtless. In the late Thirties the BUF thrived in Bethnal Green, Shoreditch and Stepney, where a quarter of the population was Jewish, often of immigrant stock. In the East End it was not the handful of wicked, warmongering Jewish capitalists that the blackshirts pursued, as Mosley would like us to believe, but small shopkeepers, tailors and workers. Mosley was quick to respond obligingly to the taunts of Streicher and other Nazis that his anti-Semitism was half-hearted; in *One Hundred Questions Answered* (1936) he called for the deportation of some British-based Jews and loss of citizenship for others.

The voice of Lady Mosley can be taken as the voice of Unity Mitford herself, 40 years on. Pryce-Jones's portrait, she claims, is merely a 'grotesque caricature', and she is not surprised; he was not considered 'a suitable biographer' and was therefore not given access to the papers. Yes, indeed: one cannot imagine Hitler's friends, had they been in a position to control the flow of source material, commissioning Hugh Trevor-Roper or Alan Bullock to write the Führer's official biography, and we must be thankful that Mr Pryce-Jones, by dint of astute digging, has unearthed enough documentary material to excite bitter, behind-the-scenes recriminations among members of the clan. Fluent in German and aware that the passage of time imposed on him a now-or-never approach to surviving witnesses, including those of Nazi lineage, Pryce-Jones enjoyed the added advantage of familiarity with the world he eventually 'betrayed' – which is how much of the best history gets written.

And so they hit back, attempting to suppress the book, accusing the author of scurrilous pornography. A letter in this vein was sent by Lord Lambton to the publisher, Lord Weidenfeld. But while Lambton himself will doubtless denounce the book in review, the vast majority of those who applied private pressure in defence of 'our world' do not wish to be flushed out into the light of day. As Anthony Holden reported in the *Sunday Times* on 26 September, 'none of the complainants would go into any detail last week', beyond the Duchess of Devonshire's unelaborated claim that 'there is a mistake on every page'. But this is not the view, one gathers, of another Mitford sister, the only one who turned sharp Left, Jessica.

The fact is that when Britain declared war on Nazi Germany and Churchill (ironically, a relation of the Mitfords) betrayed his own class, the Redesdales and their spiritual kin were nastily stranded. The Anglo-German Fellowship ran on to the rocks, along with all those who, like Diana Mosley, described the war as 'tragic' (yes, it was tragic, but it wasn't a mistake on our part) and who euphemistically characterised the most hideous and brutal regime known to modern man as 'Germany'. 'She loved Germany,' Lady Mosley explains. Whose Germany? Goethe's? Thomas Mann's? Einstein's? No: Julius Streicher's; Hitler's.

In conclusion, I must take issue with David Pryce-Jones's dismissal of Unity Mitford's genuine suicide attempt in September 1939 (she put a bullet into her head, where it lodged irremovably, causing her death in 1948) as 'melodrama'. As he himself says, she was sincere – and we have to admit that real physical courage and intense conviction are not the monopoly of good people.

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Edward Boyle

The History Man

The Diaries of a Cabinet Minister: Vol. II
by RICHARD CROSSMAN *Hamish Hamilton* and *Cape* £9.50

Richard Crossman's second volume of *Diaries* is admittedly a very long book, yet I for one would not have wished it shorter; it reveals so much about Wilson's style of government, about Parliament, about Crossman himself, and about a crucial period of recent British history. Between August 1966 and April 1968 Crossman was Lord President and Leader of the House of Commons, and (in his own phrase) 'Harold's right-hand man'. He was chairman of the legislation committee, and a member of the cabinet committees on home affairs and on defence and overseas policy, as well as of the steering committee on economic policy: the senior cabinet minister whose role it was to help the Government to work as effectively as possible with a Labour majority in Parliament.

Yet Crossman also realised the brittleness of his position. He knew that he did not really understand the House of Commons, which he had previously been inclined to regard as 'profoundly unimportant and boring'. He knew that William Whitelaw (who comes very well out of the book) was right to warn him that he lacked the essential small-talk a Leader of the House requires, and that he would never acquire the taciturn authority of a Bowden or learn to dispense the 'emollient fluff' of a Morrison. He knew from the first that as a Leader of the House constitutionally incapable of cultivating dullness he would be politically vulnerable, and no one has described more vividly what it feels like to botch an intrinsically good speech through failure to make an instantaneous adjustment to the mood of the House or to the course of debate. Above all he realised how much the lack of a Department, and of an authoritative Private Office, affected his weight as a senior minister. For all the glitter of his new position he feared that he had been 'kicked upstairs'.

In April 1968 Crossman wondered again 'whether I have not given my future away' when he yielded the leadership of the House to Fred Peart, and became Secretary of State for Social Services while not really being able to run either of the Departments headed respectively by Judith Hart and Kenneth Robinson. There is a vein of regret running through this book, a realisation that Crossman's ministerial career, which had started so late, would not last much longer, matched also by the recognition that his extremely comfortable life at Prescote was playing a part in eroding his socialist ideals. 'My radical passions,' he tells us, 'have never been based on a moral or egalitarian philosophy' – though it was barely three years since he had told the House, when moving a vote of censure on education policy, that to implement Robbins without implementing Newsom would be indefensible. To be fair, no one could have insisted more firmly than Crossman a year or two later that the truth about our mental hospitals must be revealed, and the necessary money found to put things right. But, unlike Crossman, I don't think it was 'unpleasantly class-conscious' of George Brown to oppose the deferment of the raising of the school-leaving age on the grounds that no one educating his children privately would normally think of withdrawing them before the age of 16; it was always one of the key arguments. Incidentally the really savage cut imposed on school-building after devaluation, through the order to resubmit all projects previously approved but not actually started, never seems to have been discussed in cabinet at all.

Crossman genuinely believed in parliamentary reform, and it is worthwhile reflecting on why, as a reformer, he was not more successful. It wasn't that all his ideas were wrong. The decision to divide the Finance Bill into two parts, so that many clauses could be taken upstairs in Standing Com-

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JONATHAN CAPE

mittee, was widely acceptable to the House as a whole. Morning sittings, as a means of getting everyone to bed earlier, were frankly a bad idea, and they were largely nullified by the actions of the Opposition in a year when, as Crossman's record shows, the Government had little difficulty in fending off Opposition challenges in debate. At other times Crossman seemed to grow bored and impatient with his own ideas, or even to lose his nerve when suddenly faced with an unexpected check. The classic example of this was his attitude towards the proposed experiment of televising the House. Strongly in favour at first, Crossman allowed himself to be thrown by cabinet opposition, took no steps to whip up support, made a thoroughly ineffective speech, got narrowly defeated, and then – as he reveals with typical candour – felt absolutely furious with himself and his colleagues afterwards.

Again, he never seemed really to have thought out the purpose of the specialist select committees. He told the House in December 1966 that the two committees proposed, one for the Ministry of Agriculture the other for Science and Technology, would represent 'a cautious advance in the revival of continuous parliamentary control of the Executive', and he uses similar records in his diary entry for 24 April 1967. Yet when it came to the point Crossman was not prepared to challenge the control of patronage shared by the Chief Whip and the Prime Minister, nor indeed to analyse rigorously what, under the British constitution, could be meant by that word 'control'. He could only say, rather lamely, that 'though I sympathised with my young parliamentary reformers I couldn't support them'.

But if Crossman was too mercurial, and too lacking in sure-footed confidence, to be a really successful parliamentary reformer, no one can say on the evidence of this book that he did not fight consistently hard as a senior cabinet minister during 1967 over economic and defence policy. At the meeting of the steering committee on 13 January ('the most important cabinet committee I've attended since last July'), faced with the prospect of only a narrow trade surplus, he firmly nailed his colours. He told Callaghan:

> Look at a model based on the assumption of devaluation and winding up all our commitments East of Suez, and then compare that with the model on which you are now working . . . George Brown came in next and fully supported me: The Prime Minister sitting in the chair [was] betwixt and between, but I'm afraid he's not on our side.

The long and depressing saga of the next ten months, culminating in devaluation, records the Prime Minister endlessly fending off requests for meetings on this subject; once, when a meeting had at last been fixed, Crossman kicked the ball through his own goal by provoking a storm with an indiscreet, though eminently sensible, speech on incomes policy.

Looking back, it seems odd that no one should apparently have realised how rapidly, despite the July 1966 measures, government spending was rising during 1967; a year before prescription charges had to be slapped on again, at enormous political cost, Barbara Castle was reprieved from a cut of £25m. in the road programme she had been willing to make, on the grounds that this was a programme she had inherited from the Tories. No one, again, and this is equally surprising, seems to have mentioned either in cabinet or cabinet committee the May 1967 forecast of the National Institute Economic Review, which halved the prospective balance of payments surplus, and threw grave doubts on Callaghan's Budget strategy of 'steady as she goes'.

One reason for Wilson's caginess was his own, and Balogh's, long-drawn-out disagreement with Callaghan and the Treasury over whether, if devaluation had to come, we should float the pound or go for a new fixed parity. I think this may have been a bigger factor than is generally realised in causing Wilson to grasp at straws that led him to hope devaluation might not after all prove necessary. But the most striking revelation concerns the aftermath of devaluation: why on earth weren't the cuts in consumer demand announced at the same time as the cuts in government spending, in January 1968? As a member of the shadow cabinet this puzzled me at the time, and I feel little wiser after reading what Crossman has to say:

> Several days ago [this was 15 January] some of us had begun to realise that it was most extraordinary for the Government to publish a Statement of economic cuts in the public sector without any Statement on exchange controls or hire purchase or any other methods of reducing consumer demand . . . [But] there has been a curious inactivity . . . [Roy's] Treasury advisers, he told me, hadn't given him any advice on this subject.

It was not until the March Budget that severe fiscal measures, and also new credit controls, were introduced; no one appears to have forecast the likely future effect on wage pressure of suddenly reversing engines in this way, months after the crisis, and after three years of substantial increases in living standards.

Again, it seems strange that those who argued for a drastic curtailment of defence commitments abroad should not, apparently, have been aware of another article by the National Institute which showed that annual net military expenditure overseas had risen from £100m. to £300m. between 1956 and 1966. This is not hindsight on my part, since I well remember discussing this article with friends *en route* for the Anglo-German conference at Königswinter in the same week as the Pollok by-election. Crossman did a good deal of holiday reading, as well as much study of official briefs, but he seems to have been oddly ignorant of some quite obvious sources that would have helped his case; one feels that much of the controversy within the Wilson cabinet got far too incestuous. By contrast, how well Crosland comes out of this period, especially after he moved to the Board of Trade. He had a strong Department behind him, and he fought and won the battle for the overturning of Stansted as London's third airport.

Crossman was certainly fond of summing up his colleagues, but many of the personal descriptions are more than just anecdotal, and they are reminders that ministerial reputations can rise and fall very fast. I don't think Michael Stewart's period at the DEA, with responsibility for incomes policy, was a happy one, because it called at Question

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Time for flair and the ability to improvise rather than for his particular qualities of commitment and precision. But Crossman, very critical of Stewart to begin with, later credits him with the highly significant constitutional innovation of the 'Green Paper' and gives him just praise for his speech in the South African Arms debate. By contrast, Barbara Castle was at her political zenith when Minister of Transport, though it was surely an exaggeration on Crossman's part to suggest, in April 1968, that 'she is probably the biggest personality in the Government today'; perhaps Crossman's own sense of waning political faith led him to accord extra acclaim to an old friend and colleague who was 'still a real socialist'.

Above all there is Crossman's description of Wilson, and the central theme of this long book is Crossman's repeated self-questioning about what, fundamentally, was wrong with Wilson's style of government. Crossman is never ungenerous about Wilson's strengths: his resilience, his good-nature, his agility in debate, and his formidable powers of self-preservation whenever, as over South African arms, his authority was seriously challenged. But Crossman does point to two serious faults. The first was the lack of 'any central [policy] control or central decision-taking'; even in the immediate aftermath of the devaluation crisis, 'Harold never has a solid group of collaborators round him. He's always distrusting somebody and manoeuvring the rest of us against him.' The second weakness was that '[Harold] will always postpone a decision until forced to accept the inevitable and then, when he does accept it, he will congratulate himself on the brilliant execution of a well-laid plan'. This does not seem very different from a verdict of my own when I wound up a Commons debate: 'Time and again the Government fail to make up their mind and to take any clear decision until the passage of time has eliminated all alternatives but one.'

There are moments in this book which remind us that in some respects the period 1966-68 has already passed into history. Thus, in 1966 the miners still felt on the defensive, with Wilson pleading for some rephasing of the pit closure programme. The sudden shift in the relative power of the miners after 1971 is surely one of the most striking developments in modern British industrial history; my Leeds colleague A. J. Taylor pointed out in a recent lecture that only four weeks before Wilberforce the *Economist* was still proclaiming confidently that 'the miners cannot stop the country in its tracks as they once could have done'.

I found this a captivating book, even though it records such a depressing period. Crossman's style of exposition, brilliant, spontaneous, and combative (sometimes also extremely funny) has always had something special about it. As an ex-don he may have exaggerated his capacity for original thought about government; as a politician he lacked patience and accumulated reserves of experience on which to draw; but he was a born contributor to the history of his own times.

Among this week's contributors:

LORD BOYLE OF HANDSWORTH is Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University and will be giving next year's Reith lectures on political institutions.

JEREMY TREGLOWN teaches English at University College, London.

JOHN STURROCK's translation of Victor Hugo's novel, *Notre-Dame de Paris*, will be published in the Penguin Modern Classics Series.

MERVYN JONES was drama critic of *Tribune* from 1958-66.

DAVID CAUTE is working on a study of American domestic anti-communism in the post-war years.

John Sturrock

Magic Mountain

Victor Hugo by JOANNA RICHARDSON *Weidenfeld* £10.00

President Giscard d'Estaing's best-selling homily on *Démocratie française* is dedicated, improbably, 'to Marianne and Gavroche'. Marianne is a faster, French version of Britannia, the nubile personification of the Republic; Gavroche is a character in a Victor Hugo novel, the brave, hungry and satirical urchin who dies on the Paris barricades in *Les Misérables*. Too primitive and Romantic a duo, one might think, for the well-groomed Giscard to be rallying to his cause, but between them they embody all the ardour and insolence supposedly endemic in his electorate. Giscard is using Hugo as our own vote-catchers might use Dickens, as the benevolent, patriotic creator of enduring and recognisably indigenous characters. For Hugo is the most massively popular author France has ever known, a national figure who, when he died in 1885, was wheeled along the Champs Elysées to lie, unprecedentedly, in state beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

He is the great fertility symbol of the French 19th century, a writer so vehement and profuse that after him the age could only peter out amidst the tired flutings of the Symbolists. He lived to a patriarchal old age, and wrote more than was good for him. He aimed, in his writing and in the spare-time oratory which went with it, to move people and instruct them, because that was the way to support the life-force in the slow but inevitable betterment of the species. No literary genre or subject was beyond him: he wrote successful and pro-

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gressive melodramas, all the known degrees of verse from the epic to the ironic, huge novels, cultural and political tracts, memoirs and journalism; and he oscillated all-embracingly between the largest topics – God, Satan, Napoleon, the Ocean – and the least: those domestic pieties of which, despite an entirely discreditable home life, he saw himself as the steward. Hugo was the most public of private individuals and a highly political one, an Ultra in his youth but an increasingly rabid democrat and republican after the age of 30. He was as bad at practical politics as he was at practical family life, and he flopped in both. He was simply too promiscuous in everything he tried, be it sex or authorship.

Joanna Richardson has chosen to camp out of danger's way on the lower slopes of this man-mountain. Hers is less an objective life of Hugo than a collection of ana, a bright but superficial dossier of stories and gossip about him culled from the reports of his contemporaries. Victor Hugo became Victor Hugo – began, that is to say, to lay down the literary, social and political law – in his early twenties, and few of those who encountered him subsequently failed to record how he struck them. Miss Richardson knows the period and its livelier memorialists, and she has arranged their many references to Hugo to skilful effect: they give a sharp, immediate image of their subject. Some of the observations she quotes are flattering, but most are not, so that by the end of her book its outsize hero has come to look mean and unworthy. We are left staring at two unlovely feet of clay.

Few French intellectuals can stomach Hugo; he was too fluent and too middlebrow a writer to be taken seriously. Miss Richardson has caught this common prejudice, and she has also diminished Hugo by writing so very unambitious a book. He is a far more genuine and intelligent writer than one would guess from the supercilious judgments passed on him here. He had a passion for language, believing that it was the most profound and distinctive of a society's assets, and himself rejuvenated the literary language of France, leaving it infinitely more powerful and democratic than the periwigged idiom the 19th century had inherited from the 18th. He believed, too, in the power of ideas, not least his own ideas, to effect sweeping social reforms, and his better plays and novels are strongly ideological – far from the tearful, fustian nonsense Miss Richardson's digests of their plots would have us suppose. Hugo is often at his best – direct, humane and committed – in his journalism, which she neglects altogether. His blast against the architectural vandals of the 1820s in 'War on the Demolishers!' is a noble piece of polemic well worth any conservation group's study today, even if it was the story of Hugo's public life that the medieval tower he was trying to save should have been knocked down by a philistine town-council just the same.

This biography does not account for Hugo's real pre-eminence; Miss Richardson nowhere upsets the received view of him as the great wind-machine of French Romanticism, gifted but essentially hollow. Romantic and rhetorical he may have been, but Hugo was also France's first thoroughly professional man of letters. He worked at his books, and he got rich by writing. He began with nothing and left 7m. francs. He knew and cared about the money side, and was no remote, ineffectual seer once it came to settling terms with publishers. When the first volume of *Les Misérables* was published in 1862, it appeared simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, London, Berlin, Turin, St Petersburg and New York, and it will have been the author, surely, who inspired if he did not actually plan this original and profitable feat. Such episodes as that in Hugo's career tell a more substantial tale, I would have thought, than Joanna Richardson's.

Arthur Hopcraft

The Northern Lights

Goodbye To Yorkshire by ROY HATTERSLEY
Gollancz £4.75

Yorkshiremen invented cricket, kindness, football, fortitude, socialism, clean air, the wheel, honesty, chrysanthemums, council flats, thrift, brass bands, determination, the quickstep, double-breasted suits and God. That may not be a complete list, but one doubts if it would be contested, for all its inadequacy, by the first Yorkshireman stopped in the street – *any* street – or by anyone who has ever *known* a Yorkshireman. One is not accusing Yorkshiremen of boastfulness; it's just that they brag a lot (to paraphrase George Orwell).

> A Yorkshireman in the South will always take care to let you know that he regards you as an inferior. If you ask him why he will explain that it is only in the North that life is 'real' life, that the industrial work done in the North is the only 'real' work, that the North is inhabited by 'real' people, the South merely by rentiers and their parasites. The Northerner has 'grit', he is grim, 'dour', plucky, warm-hearted and democratic, the Southerner is snobbish, effeminate and lazy.

Mr Hattersley quotes that passage from Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier* with the comment that it 'still seems to me a simple description of undisputed fact'. Yorkshiremen, of course, do not stoop to dispute; they affirm; and if subsequently questioned they reaffirm. And that seems to me to be

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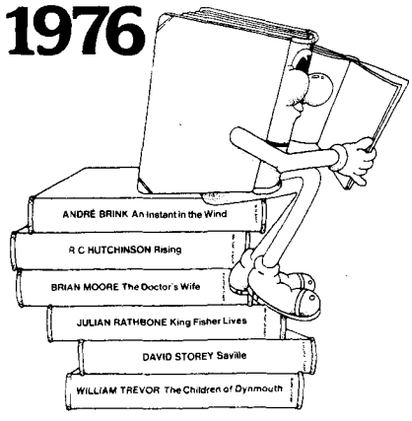
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rather what Mr Hattersley is doing in this book of essays on his native county. He writes, as he expresses it, not as an alien but an exile; he left Sheffield 12 years ago for Westminster (and other exotic confections, such as Harvard and Brussels), and in its affection, and even deference, the book celebrates the Yorkshire of worshipful belief. He has never *really* forsaken it, he wants all his old friends to know, just as Yorkshire cannot *really* be dismantled by the re-drawing of boundaries and the re-naming of parts. The book's title should be followed, perhaps, by an incredulous question mark.

Roy Hattersley, our new Minister for Shopping Bags, was brought up in that atmosphere of respectable frugality which characterised so much of working-class life in the Thirties and Forties. His was a quiet, bookish household; his father had three years out of work, then got a job as a clerk, paying out dole money for the Public Assistance Committee in Barnsley. He cycled the 12 miles in each direction for six months on a bike with an oval front wheel, not having the wherewithal to replace it with a round one.

The boy went to grammar school and university (Hull), and learned the practicalities of politics in the stern discipline of Sheffield City Council:

> We took all the committee chairmanships. We ensured that every board of school governors had a majority of Labour Party members. . . When it was alleged that buffet teas encouraged absence from the Council floor the whole principle of afternoon refreshment was debated by the Labour Group. By a narrow majority the running buffet was abandoned and a formal 'sit-down tea' put in its place. We were whipped to vote for a 'sit-down tea' at five o'clock and against the Tory amendment that it should be held at half-past four.

That's Yorkshire imperative. Or could it have happened in any local council, north or south or midland, with an unyielding Labour group in control? There is a municipal solemnity about the story, an imagery of aldermanic corpulence and watch chains, that *sounds* Yorkshire. Priestley might have invented it, which thought may offend Mr Hattersley, because he does not like the voice old JB has used in the past to represent Yorkshire to the outside world. (Other Yorkshiremen have been heard to complain similarly about Eddie Waring, whose lingering vowels during commentaries on televised Rugby League matches are, of course, cult-music in Hampstead and Cheltenham, where no one knows any better.)

One would have liked more of Mr Hattersley's reportage. There is a little too much of the guide book elsewhere in his accounts of chapel, steel, dale, river, spa; the former adult-education lecturer is strongly evident in the lacing-in of historical fact, as he takes us to a rehearsal of an umpteenthed *Messiah* or on a trip to the seaside, although it must be said he makes the material disarmingly digestible.

'By the time the Huddersfield Choral Society was founded, Richard Oastler's Factory Act had limited the working day of children. . .' Oastler was a Yorkshireman, naturally. There is a statue to him in Bradford, which is where the Labour Party was born, as every Yorkshireman knows.

Russell Davies

Anyone for Tennessee?

Memoirs by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS *W. H. Allen* £4.95

These are uncommonly rotten old memoirs, full of junk, and shamelessly ill-organised, slapdash, maudlin and arch. Dull they strictly speaking ain't, but boring they do become; as you read, you can feel your ear being painfully bent, and hear the clink of ice-cubes as the author's florid ghost keeps that phantom glass in your hand forever topped up with sour mash whisky. Whoops, he's poured some up your sleeve. What a character.

'In spite of all his book's faults of repetition and excess, its sundry failures of wit and losses of tone, its desperate lunges for the sensation-serialisation market, Tennessee Williams the man comes out of it well.' I think that's what we are supposed to say. Williams is, after all, an impossible person, a sort of male Judy Garland, always slightly out of control and sometimes fearsomely: ooh he *is* awful, but we like him. But do we? So much of him is superfluous, like his eye for a devastating truth: 'There were mendicants in Rome: there are beggars wherever there is a great deal of economic distress'. Got that, Galbraith? Or his literary acuity, which, when exercised on subjects other than himself, becomes a matter of common-or-garden gnomic asides like: 'Only a homosexual could have written *Remembrance of Things Past*.' It was lucky Proust happened along then, wasn't it? I suppose I should be grateful for Mr Williams's advice on how to deal with the topless and bottomless go-go boys of Bourbon Street, New Orleans:

> I would recommend that penetration be avoided, as they are most probably all infected with clap in the ass. And I'd also recommend that you get them to bathe as their hours are long and sweaty. And that you have a pubic pesticide such as A-200.

But I think Mr Williams is merely being horrid here: making a show of getting down, as it were, to the knotty-grotty.

Why, though is he telling us all this? How did he first become, in so broad a selection of senses, a histrionic personality? Well, it comes as no great shock to learn – from copious photographs as much as from anything Williams says – that his father, Cornelius Coffin Williams, was 'rough and tough', a philandering drunk, and maybe worst of all, a shoe salesman; while Mother, 'Miss Edwina' (for we are not in Tennessee, but Mississippi, in the deeper South, where, as Jimmy Carter's Ma has recently reminded us, matriarchs nominally revert to maidenhood) was a strong, ingratiating, smirky old article whom one can well imagine overstoking those steamy atmospheres which little Thomas Lanier Williams has felt it necessary to create around himself ever since. (Even so, it's still a bit of a surprise

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when Williams, confined in a mental ward decades later in the story, narratively rounds on Mama with the sudden petulance of: 'Mother marched in, a little Prussian officer in drag.')

The moral centrepiece of Williams's background, though – in fact, the feature of it that saves his book, to some small extent, from ending up as the supremely tinny set of variations on the *'Je ne regrette rein'* theme – is his sister Rose, who was lobotomised in the Thirties and has been in institutional care ever since. A victim of the 'monolithic Puritanism' of Miss Edwina, Rose sought solace in the company of her brother, who now confesses:

> I may have inadvertently omitted a good deal of material about the unusually close relations between Rose and me. Some perceptive critic of the theatre made the observation that the true theme of my work is 'incest'. My sister and I had a close relationship, quite unsullied by carnal knowledge.

There's always the possibility, of course, that the perceptive critic wasn't actually bringing literal charges of unlawful canoodling against Williams, but it's an interesting symptom of our man's cast of mind that he should take it in that way. Rose, at any rate, is last heard of being taken by her brother to see *Amarcord* in New York on New Year's Day 1975; and each of these two persons, one feels, is now a standing reproach to the other, just as once they were triggers of each other's suffering: '[Rose's] first real breakdown occurred shortly after I had suffered the heart-attack that ended my career as a clerk-errand boy at the show company.'

Given all the evidence of hysteria and hypochondria Williams supplies, mostly voluntarily and even eagerly, one cannot be sure what sort of an attack this was; but there can't have been too much wrong with a heart that has pumped Williams through his subsequent sexual history. After college, where he learned the idiom before the deed ('Smitty grinned at our visitor and said, "You know what I'm going to do tonight? I'm going to corn-hole Tommy" '), he seems to have been just a bag of appetites on the loose: at Mexico City, for example, he was the 'belle of the balls' in 1945. But he managed a slightly more steadily loving relationship with Bill, who was 'a Peeping Tom', 'a good drunk, 'a good lay', and got finally decapitated by a subway-station pillar as he leaned out of the departing train; and there eventually emerged a particularly long-lasting devotion to a muscular little fellow of Sicilian parentage called Frank Merlo, alias 'The Little Horse', whose photograph again tells us almost as much as the author's pen can. (It's a good job Williams has always been able to rely on actors to bring his people to physical life.)

As affair dissolves into affair, and increasing dosages of booze and pills dissolve into Tennessee Williams, his story becomes less and less coherent, often for the very good reason that the memoirist himself does not remember too well what went on. At such times, it is convenient for him to escape into the diary form, where he insists on describing the on-stage progress or otherwise of his latest play, *Small Craft Warnings* – to which he is soon contributing what one intuits to be a disastrous character-part appearance of his own. One had hoped for some insight here into his working methods, those doubtless remarkable processes by which this notably buttonless and bootless character transmogrifies himself into an artist; but all is obliterated by the sight and sound of his empurpled ego tripping up and down the boards. 'It appears,' he writes, 'that I will do just about anything, now, to keep the show running', and there seems to have been little in his life to which the remark does not apply.

The memoirs, indeed, throw not light but a nasty hostile glare on Williams's 'craft or sullen art'; and what he cares for other people's words can be judged by the fact that he manages to get Dylan Thomas's phrase wrong twice. 'Sullen craft and art' he says, and then 'sullen art and craft', a pair of bloomers he follows up with the judgment that 'even the best of poets can sometimes put a thing rather badly'. Let's hope Sartre had better luck with his play *Huit Clos* (sic). But there again, Williams is a character, and characters are allowed to get things wrong. Nay, they are *supposed* to, and Williams can be relied upon to do the expected, whether it's a matter of telling Garbo to get back in pictures, or calling Malraux 'Maurois' at a White House reception, or imagining that the Italian for drunk is 'umbriaco'. I have no patience with all this. There is a difference between making a fool of yourself and being a fool to yourself, and Tennessee Williams has not observed it.

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Jeremy Treglown

Friends of Failure

A Dream Journey by JAMES HANLEY *Deutsch* £3.95
An Exemplary Life by SIEGFRIED LENZ translated by Douglas Parmée *Secker & Warburg* £4.90
The Sun Chemist by LIONEL DAVIDSON *Cape* £3.95

If cocky young English critics had any idea how much misery and drink went into even a quite average novel, Anthony Burgess told several million viewers a few weeks ago, they would be a jolly sight nicer about it. It's a difficult one to answer without sounding insensitive, however clear it may seem that to divert our attention from a work of art to the artist is to limit, not increase, its potential Most people after all still have a sneaking feeling, nomatter how heavily suppressed, that *Paradise Lost*/the 'Choral' Symphony is extra-impressive because Milton/Beethoven was blind/deaf when he wrote it, and the same must go for work produced in other kinds of difficulty – censorship, lack of recognition, poverty, maybe misery and drink as well.

It's this human sympathy that prevents Lena in *A Dream Journey* from telling the artist she lives with that she no longer believes in his painting:

> It was agonising sometimes, seeing the whole thing, watching it, and being dumb, bloody dumb about it. I didn't even mind the waste, the drink, and the money that went on it. It's terrible when you know what a disappointed man is feeling, and you can't find the right words, nothing . . . How could I ask a man to give it up, how could I?

Their uneven, claustrophobic relationship is vividly charted by James Hanley, and I can't think of many fictions which more painfully delineate the realisation and consequences of failure, both in art and in love. The ethical question – should people always tell the truth about their aesthetic reactions? – is presented obliquely but in all its intricacy.

Clem Stevens's artistic disintegration is traced to at least three different events whose relative importance is left undetermined. A gallery-owner who has bought and shown his work frankly declares that he finds a new style ugly. A just-completed, big and for Clem uniquely successful canvas is destroyed in the Blitz. And the same bombing-raid gives the normally reclusive painter a real-life visual buzz which mocks and trivialises the colours of his work, just as his model's theft of her own portrait seems to symbolise a victory of life over art in which Clem himself, shut suicidally in his attic, finds it quite impossible to participate.

The facts of Hanley's fiction, then, are very moving indeed, and partly so because in his terse, effortful narrative, characteristically intercutting past and present, dreams and actuality, they are as difficult to pin down as in life. Loneliness, memories,

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dreams, the inaccessibility of other people's thoughts, are still his main subjects. And yet, like Virginia Woolf (and unlike Joyce), Hanley has always had trouble finding an idiom for those thoughts – and for ordinary dialogue – which will differentiate his characters and vary the texture of narrative itself. At a crude level the result is simply a failure of characterisation. What kind of woman, for example, speaks with Mrs Grimpen's shifts of register?

> Soon's I copped eyes on Mr Cruickshank I knew, made me think of the one in the panto. You would scarcely believe this, Grimpy, but when I got there he was actually playing with matchboxes . . . kept me standing there nearly five minutes whilst he arranged a long row of matchboxes, muttering to himself all the time. But he did at last separate himself from his toys.

And the verbal tone-deafness suggested in that last sentence seems to me very damaging at some more important points in the narrative – for example during one of Clem and Lena's many crisis:

> . . . the room was word-choked, the atmosphere electrified by them, a chaotic mess of words that now began to fall into some kind of order. She hoped for a meaning to a situation, it might come clear eventually . . .

– where Hanley's characteristically odd use of an article ('a meaning to *a* situation') and his struggle after density of effect ('word-choked') fail to disguise his slacknesses – the cliché of an 'electrified' atmosphere, the tautologous 'chaotic mess'.

I read *A Dream Journey* immediately after Siegfried Lenz's *An Exemplary Life* and kept thinking it needed a better translator. The Lenz book, rendered into American by Douglas Parmée, does too – though no version could disguise its over-schematic structure. A committee of German educationalists, composed of a reactionary old homemade-schnapps-drinking headmaster, a young radical teacher on the media fringe and a latterday New Woman whose bad driving is a leadenly recurring joke, meets to choose a exemplary life from literature for a school anthology. Their efforts are set in gear-crashingly ironic juxtaposition with the moral confusions of their own lives. It all manages not to live up to one's worst expectations, the wry, disaffected ending coming as an agreeable surprise; but until then it's only the comical translation that keeps one going:

> One of the girls, a long-haired ash-blonde nymph, politely asks him to refrain from addressing them like that, whereupon the policeman, momentarily taken aback, gives her an ironical salute and merely says, 'Your Grace is requested to show a leg . . .'

Lionel Davidson, on the other hand, pursuing a different kind of exemplary life in the dead scientist Weizmann (whose lost formula for making petrol without oil could transform the world power-balance), keeps things excitingly on the move. His first-person narrator Igor Druyanov is rather tiresomely complacent about his own sex-appeal, and for an expatriate Russian Jew oddly influenced by P. G. Wodehouse ("You can fling in a quick cuddle." I flung one in.') All the same, it's a sophisticated who's-doing-it, a successful and plausible mix of political history with scientific thriller.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Mervyn Jones

Whose National Theatre?

'I'm not paranoid but I'm angry,' said Peter Hall, staring at me across his desk at the National Theatre. 'It made me sick, in fact literally sick,' said Jonathan Miller, staring at me across his kitchen table. Arguments in the world of the theatre tend to take the form of personal resentments – though not more so than in the world of government (*vide* the Crossman *Diaries*), industry or sport. The argument about Hall's record as artistic director of the NT since 1973 is essentially an argument about the right way to handle this institution, so novel in the British scene by reason of its size, pre-eminence and public accountability. But if it's being handled the wrong way, Hall must expect to be blamed. In a nutshell, his critics say that it's a bureaucracy topped by an autocrat. He is a man with a zest for decisions, a taste for administration and a liking for the limelight. One is reminded of Sir Harold Wilson during the first period of his premiership – the man who took charge of everything from Rhodesia to the *Torrey Canyon*. And since there is only one National, it's inherent in Hall's position that he can't have rivals, only allies and enemies.

He is sure he has enemies; he believes that press criticism, notably the *Evening Standard* articles of 22 and 23 September, is fuelled by a campaign concerted by Jonathan Miller, Michael Blakemore and Kenneth Tynan, all recruited to the NT by Lord Olivier and all departed by now. This collusion is imaginary. Miller says frankly that Hall is the wrong man for the job; but Miller, farouche and ebullient, is fully capable of conducting a one-man campaign. Blakemore, scrupulous and retiring, was reluctant to talk to me. Each, when interviewed, stuck to issues of principle more closely than Hall. It's also true that Hall's side of the case has been amply aired, as you'd expect when you learn that the NT press staff has increased from two to eight since the Olivier days. There have been two long and laudatory articles in the *Guardian* and one in the *Sunday Times*, not to mention a programme on London Weekend TV which was practically a commercial. The most informative source of material is the typescript of a book on the NT's history, started by Nicholas Tomalin and completed by John Elsom. Hall says that copies are being hawked round by Miller and Blakemore; the one I read was lent me by Claire Tomalin. Hall also says that one chapter was written by Miller and another by Blakemore. As you see, he is angry.

Starting from 1972, Hall has had all kinds of bad luck. He wasn't among the people considered by Olivier as possible successors, and the Board chose to make the appointment without consulting Olivier. The best account I can get of this unpleasant episode is that Hall was blameless of the secrecy; he wanted to talk to Olivier but was told not to. People draw the conclusion that Olivier disapproved of Hall's being given the job, whereas Olivier might have approved had there been consultation. Next, Hall expected to lead the company into its new theatre, or rather three new theatres, in 1973, the scheduled completion date. We got an economic crisis and it's freely said that the builders – both management and workers – slowed the pace because no other work was in prospect. The three houses, intended to function as an organic whole, staggered into life – first the Lyttelton in March 1976, then the Olivier in October, and the Cottesloe is delayed till next February. We also got inflation, notably in fuel costs; the huge building, with air-conditioning in all dressing-rooms, was designed in the days of cheap energy. Meanwhile, Hall started off with a poor season at the Old Vic. Any director can have a poor season (the Olivier decade included a couple) but a new director isn't supposed to start with one. There have been some triumphant productions since then, but the barrel still contains bad apples; it was a typical misfortune that the official opening should have been marked by the disaster of *Il Campiello*.

The ultimate construction cost of the NT was £16 million and it would cost £1½ million a year in maintenance and repairs even if it were as empty as Centrepoint. In the present climate, philistines inevitably reach for their verbal revolvers. You're far more likely to have read these figures than to know that £12 million of public money was spent in 1974 on creating a construction site for oil platforms at which no platforms have ever been constructed, or seem likely to be. The NT does present plays. But when he opened up the Lyttelton, Hall knew that £100,000 of revenue would be lost for every month of waiting for the Olivier. March to October is seven months. There has also been, to date, an unforeseen expenditure of £250,000 on manual scene-shifting. The electronic machinery doesn't work and nobody knows whether it ever will. Hall didn't design the electronic white elephant; still less did he cause the building to be delayed – indeed, he claims that if he hadn't raised hell the opening date would have been 1978. The fact remains that the NT costs far more than its Arts Council budget. So far, the theatrical world as a whole hasn't suffered for this. Hall can prove that, instead of taking a bigger slice of the cake, his demands have caused the cake to be enlarged. However, an economy-minded government would obviously reckon that it's impossible to close down the National (if only because the news would reach New York and Zurich) but perfectly possible to let the Derby Playhouse go. In that event Hall would be blamed for murder in the regions.

This raises the explosive question of whose National Theatre it is – London's or Britain's? The company toured for 49 weeks in 1973-74, toured for only four weeks last season, and will tour for only eight weeks this season. Touring is a heavy loss-maker for the National: aside from the travelling costs, the gross take is generally less at a provincial theatre and of course that theatre gets a share. And touring is feasible only when the balance-sheet permits a given number of productions. The unexpected drain on the funds, together with the whole trauma of getting into the new building ('forcing my way in', as he puts it), brought Hall to the decision that there could be no proper touring for two seasons. Non-Londoners tend to think, however, that the NT should cut down on everything else to give absolute priority to touring, and distrust Hall's protestations that touring is dear to his heart.

In this situation, the path of wisdom for Peter Hall was to lean over backwards to avoid any suspicion of installing and dominating a bureaucracy, of extravagance, or of being personally eager for the affluent life. The remarkable fact is that he has managed to incur suspicion on all three counts.

Olivier made policy decisions, and in particular chose his plays, through fairly informal discussion with his directors (the NT normally has two on full-time salary) and with Tynan, his literary manager. Hall has a planning committee which includes a company administrator, a general manager, a technical administrator, a financial administrator, a publicity and marketing director, and a director of fringe activities such as poetry readings and foyer music. Few of these people are professionals of the theatre. The present literary manager, John Russell Brown, comes from the academic world, whereas Tynan had directed plays before becoming a critic. Lord Birkett, a friend of Hall's from Cambridge days who has spent his working life in films, has a somewhat loosely defined role in the organisation. The directors who remembered the Olivier days became convinced that the committee had an automatic majority of 'Hall's men' – there are no women, by the way – and that dissident views would always be voted down.

Hall seldom or never sacks people, but he does create situations in which they resign. People who go through this process tend to be more resentful than people who are sacked. Both Miller and Blakemore found themselves in a vulnerable position after directing productions which didn't succeed. Miller was then given no work for a year; he resigned. Blakemore, who had hoped to direct *Hamlet*, was given *Plunder*. Following other incidents of much intricacy, he resigned too. 'They left because they couldn't stand free discussion of their work,' Hall told me. His full-time directors now are Bill Bryden and Elijah Moshinsky.

The question of extravagance is complicated; Hall agrees that there has been some, but many expenses arise from the nature of the new theatre. For instance, all sets at the Olivier cost twice as much as

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sets in ordinary theatres because it is open-stage and the materials must, by law, be fireproof. *Tamburlaine* cost £50,000, maybe more. Whether it was the right moment for a 'spectacle' play – along with *Il Campiello*, too – one has to query.

Hall himself has a salary of undisclosed dimensions. Apparently the Arts Council doesn't announce the salaries of certain luminaries (Colin Davis too, for instance); this isn't Hall's fault, but I thought he might have given me the figure when I brought up the subject. It is said to be £26,000, which would put Hall ahead of the Prime Minister, and well ahead of what Olivier drew from the NT. Hall also gets £16,000 as presenter of the TV programme *Aquarius*. People ask how he has managed to chivvy the builders and administer the NT during the critical period of the move, direct four of the six productions in the opening season, and fit in *Aquarius* too. Hall says this question is silly – 'energetic people who enjoy their work seem to offend English puritanism.' He claims that he gives *Aquarius* three hours of autocue reading a week – if London Weekend think this is worth £16,000, that's their business – and he puts in 60 hours a week for the NT.

Hall's income might not be an emotional subject but for the episode of the transfer of *No Man's Land*. Pinter's play, a surefire success with Gielgud and Richardson in the cast, ran for a mere 40 performances at the Old Vic and then went to the West End. Other National productions, such as *Equus*, had been transferred before, but only after running so long that it was desirable to make room for new productions. Hall explains that Pinter had written his play for the new theatre and never wanted to have it on at the Old Vic; eventually the West End run was stopped to bring it into the Lyttelton. However, it has now left the Lyttelton to open – still with Hall as director and the knights in the cast – in New York. From the transfer, Hall drew 4 per cent of the takings, which might be £300 a week – normal for a top-rank director, it should be said – while Pinter drew his royalties on eight performances a week and the knights earned West End salaries. The point is that the 4 per cent would, in a regular commercial production, be paid only after costs were covered; in this case the considerable costs (lavish sets, ample rehearsal time) had been covered already on the taxpayer's money. One doesn't need to make any suggestion of a nefarious plot to feel that it would have been wiser to avoid this situation.

What's certain is that plays presented at the NT, especially plays by Pinter, don't depend on a transfer for continued life as do plays that run a statutory month at Greenwich or the Royal Court. Hall has made plans to produce a play by Alan Ayckbourn and (though this has fallen through) a play by William Douglas Home. It's arguable that boulevard plays have their place in what Hall calls 'the broad spectrum', but dubious whether the NT should put on plays that will be welcomed anyway in Shaftesbury Avenue, inevitably at the expense of plays that won't be. If the NT does put them on, transfers are to be anticipated.

These and other issues are the background to what may be called Blakemore's secret speech. While still an NT director, Blakemore drew up a statement expressing his anxieties and read it out at a Planning Committee meeting. As he hadn't gone round asking members of the company to contribute facts, it contained (Blakemore admits) some inaccuracies of detail. Hall says that it was thus rendered invalid, while Blakemore insists that the inaccuracies don't affect the force of the argument on matters of principle. At the end of the meeting Hall persuaded committee members to return to Blakemore the copies which he had handed out; Hall regards the statement as withdrawn, but Blakemore feels that it should have had further study and discussion. Scrupulously, Blakemore declined to let me see it.

Issues are not thrashed out, the exertion of power forms a substitute for trust, colleagues find it easier to resign than to argue . . . it's the political atmosphere of the Crossman *Diaries*. Beyond the personal conflicts, one begins to see that the institution is too big and unwieldy to be a creative enterprise for a community of talent. I belong to a generation that demanded a National Theatre of splendid size with opulent resources. I also believed, at one time, in comprehensive redevelopment of city centres. We have a theatre that was conceived and fought for in the Fifties and designed in the Sixties; we think differently in the Seventies. We might be better off, after all, with three modest buildings in various parts of London run by three directors. 'For better or for worse,' Peter Hall wrote in a report to the Arts Council, 'we are stuck with running an industrial-commercial complex and not a theatre in the normal sense.' Perhaps the acceptance of that conception tells you what is wrong with the man in control. Or perhaps it tells you what's wrong with the whole business.

Donald Davie

Medicinal Arts

My friend of the firm mind
died, but he first endured
a sort of make-believe;
one day crucified,
the next they were not sure.
By a last-ditch shabby feat
of the arts of medicine
it seemed he had been reprieved.

Thus lo! after all, he was risen.
He was not wholly dead,
and I do not mean for as long
as, devil-cleansed, I survived him.
I mean, he looked and behaved
the same as before his coma
almost. (I cannot be sure that
identity survived it.)

Knowing when to stop
is the heart of the practice of arts.
Though making capital
out of not saying enough
has been the death of some,
most dyings take too long;
drains smell, the evacuation
of the waste is badly managed.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Dummy Run

Dog Days *Oxford Playhouse and on tour*
Rum an Coca Cola *Royal Court*

Five years ago Simon Gray threw out *Dog Days* 'along with the other rubbish' and, it appears, resurrected his agent's copy of the play altogether against his better judgment. If we're to credit his strangely defensive programme note, he would feel as confident of good notices if we critics had to review the empty cigarette packets, bitten-off fingernails and other leavings that presumably accompanied the original into the family trashcan. Well, sorry, this theatrical dustman was glad he went totting in Oxford, even if parts of the performance reminded him of more consistent evenings gleaned from Mr Gray. *Otherwise Engaged*, for instance, could never have been written if *Dog Days* hadn't first been rejected by its author, because *Otherwise Engaged* is *Dog Days* recycled. In both plays the main character is a clever, sardonic publisher. In both he has an envious brother, who in both is deputy headmaster of a public school. In both the publisher's mentally under-stretched wife turns out, not far from the final curtain, to be having an affair with some unregarded gentleman offstage. Even the jokes are similar, consisting, as they often do, of the protagonist putting down other people's loose grammar with a scathing literal-mindedness: donnish humour, conceivably derived from Mr Gray's alter ego, who lectures in Eng. Lit. at Queen Mary's College.

Perhaps you recall the moment when the remodelled, Mark-Two brother reported an embarrassing interview with his school governors: 'I did a thing I haven't done for 20 years . . . I farted.' Came the fake-incredulous riposte: 'You haven't farted for 20 years?' So it is that Hilary, the wife in *Dog Days*, twits her husband, Peter, with his stubble, his bloodshot eyes, and his 'smoker's cough, which I've been hearing develop almost by the week. Like your paunch'. 'You've been hearing my paunch develop?' he lobs back, 'so that's why you've been sleeping so far down the bed – eavesdropping.' A bit later, she's angrily accusing him of 'grabbing at me as if I were – like some dirty old man'. 'But you're not at all like some dirty old man,' is the by now inevitable reply: 'If you were, I'd grab him instead.' In both plays such exchanges serve partly to expose the joker's snide pedantry, partly to keep the audience amused. One trouble with *Dog Days* is that they over-achieve the first end and under-achieve the second.

Still, we don't refuse to recognise *The Wood Demon* because Chekhov eventually conjured *Uncle Vanya* out of it, nor is our own theatre so sublimely healthy that we can afford to neglect the embryonic excellence of *Dog Days*. In any case, the route-

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map its characters use, and the destination they eventually reach, are not those of *Otherwise Engaged*. That was about the rights and wrongs of detachment, the pros and cons of personal privacy, and only glancingly about the sexual anguish of the middle-aged. But all that frazzled lust, that creeping dandruff and menopausal rheum, is very near the centre of *Dog Days*. The play positively drools with the frustration of its males. Peter is bitter, hostile and reputedly adulterous, and, as it turns out, wants only to recapture the wife who has rejected him. Brother Charlie is level-headed, a very model husband and father, and secretly longs to escape from the fertility goddess to whose unslakeable fecundity he's enslaved. The supposed roué is really a square, the square a repressed rip. This paradox, it seems, is what Mr Gray's ironic, rather melancholy muse is mainly interested in pointing out.

I've never quite understood that critical put-down, 'schematic'; but if it suggests that an author has imposed an artificial shape on his characters, instead of allowing their unfettered antics to determine that shape, then I suppost it applies here. The trouble isn't so much Charlie's unexpected confession, which comes in what's possibly the most sensitive scene Mr Gray has yet concocted, one put over with a blend of schoolmasterly grit, maidenly fluster and sheer sexual desperation by Richard Wilson. The impression memorably left is of a distracted pedagogue hurling the classroom chalk at himself. Nor is the trouble Gayle Hunnicutt, who readily persuades you that Hilary has a mind worth her own attention and a body worth other people's. It has rather to do with Peter, or at least with Charles Kay, who plays him. The conversion of Nora Helmer from child-wife to full-blown rebel, as formidable a challenge to an actress as the theatre offers, is nothing compared to the revelation that this spiky monster is really a child-husband so ignominiously devoted that his wife can arraign him for his 'wretched innocence' and 'oppressive faithfulness'. If the first three-quarters of Mr Kay's performance were not a sustained sneer, but offered the occasional glimpse of vulnerability and pain, we'd have a more credible character and a better play; he needs much more help from his author.

Mustapha Matura isn't just one of our very few black playwrights: he's one of our very few playwrights. He has, for instance, the theatrical instinct to know that a line or speech which looks dauntingly ordinary on the page may become resonant and humorous in the right actor's mouth. On the face of it, *Rum an Coca Cola* is absurdly understated: 80 minutes of inconsequential chat from a decrepit and alcoholic calypso king, called only Creator, and his eager, rather ruttish disciple, Bird, both of them living rough on a beach in Trinidad. They recall old times, including the night Creator sang in Government House about 'the preacher's wife and the alsatian dog'. They stitch together a shambling, scurrilous lyric about the Minister of Works and Communications, and perform the odd ditty for passing tourists, nigger-minstrel grins pinned to their faces. Then Creator is flung out of a nightclub for noisily insulting the owner, who has refused to let Bird dance with the customers, and we're set for what promises to be, what surely *should* be, a glum, wry, rather downbeat ending.

In fact, Creator stumbles across the beach and throttles Bird's latest conquest, who has undertaken to finance their return to the island big-time, a prospect the old soak cannot face. Nothing about the characterisation, the situation or the play's ruminative tone has prepared us for this excrescence, and I can only attribute it to last-page panic, a sudden, horrified realisation on Mr Matura's part that nothing much has actually happened. He should have had more faith in himself. Norman Beaton's earnest, arrogant, innocent Creator has happened; his edgily amusing dealings with Trevor Thomas's raunchy Bird have happened; and these happenings have left us with a surprisingly ample picture of lives adrift, as well as some feeling of what it must be like in a post-colonial nation doomed to depend on pink holidaymakers in bermuda shorts. If that's not enough, what is?

Opera

Eric Sams

Cold Comfort

Così fan tutte *Covent Garden: further performances 16, 18, 22 and 26 November*

There are nights, according to Rilke, in which fire descends on the opera. But the safety curtain was not needed on that account at the first night of *Così fan tutte*, despite occasional sparks warmly encouraged by the fans. One reason is that *Così* is really rather cold comfort. If two suitors love two sisters, what's the betting that each, suitably disguised, can woo and win the other's fiancée? Easy, easy, as the chorus goes in more popular theatres: that's what all women are; and at the denouement the new nuptial knots are hastily untied and reunited as before, not without some loose ends of jealousy and recrimination. Under the artifical comedy of fickleness lies an allegory of true sensuality, even promiscuity. What we see is Wilde and the light farce; what we hear should be Shaw and the Life Force.

John Copley's production, though reasonably restrained, excelled on the Wilde side. The entrance of the ladies in deep mourning for their dear departed lovers was an amusing memento of Jack Worthing's tragic loss of his brother Ernest. The later exchanges, first of glances and then of flowers, foretold a coming exchange of lovers. The stage groupings divertingly symbolised all possible permutations, at home or away. What looked foursquare at the moment later resolved into two separate triangles. This insistence on abstraction meaningfully matched the stuff of the drama by presenting human love as exercises in spatial geometry, or algebraic equations full of unknown quantities. But by the same token it may have weakened the opera's real roots and powers, which surely derive essentially from Mozart's music and not da Ponte's book. The predictably excellent Covent Garden programme speaks with authority about the high quality of the libretto; but against this has to be set the Shavian viewpoint that 'quite as good plays have often been improvised in ten minutes in a drawing room at charades or dumb crambo'.

The consensus is that Mozart has taken da Ponte's confection and turned it into substantial food for thought. That process suggests that as cooks are to cookery, so adults are to adultery; namely, naturally prone. It's not exactly our fault that the Life Force can be so lively and forceful as to get quite out of hand; nor that we are programmed, again for good evolutionary reasons, to be compatible with B if not with A. Mozart was deeply involved in such affairs; and he takes a tolerant though not indulgent view. He had been in love with two sisters, and prudently married the one named Constance. But while composing *Così* he was uneasy about whether her name was also her nature. Further, even the libretto has emancipatory overtones. By 1790 there were stirrings of sexual as well as social revolution. Before long, women writers would start proclaiming a new regime of Libido and Equality, with Maternity as an optional extra. Mozart's music too is conceived and couched in allegorical terms; hence no doubt its generalised musical style

Its overture opens with an obvious example. The motto-theme, to which the words of the title are later sung, offers the most mundane of melodies, the most homespun of harmonies, in the commonest of keys, because it is designed to symbolise the most normal and natural response in the world Yet for the same reason, and with the same meaning, the commonplaces are always touched with some special delight. And Mozart goes deeper still, by reserving his most meltingly ecstatic strains for the wrong moments; the second-act music has the sharpness and the sweetness of stolen fruit This also serves as sauce for the gander; the message applies to men as well as women

In the present production that moral is pointed, literally, from the stage at the audience; as if the customary baggage-check wil be supplemented, on *Così* nights, by the searching of hearts and the examination of consciences. But there were few purely musical moments when Mozart's meaning emerged as clearly. These occurred, not by coincidence, when the orchestra sounded particularly practised and convincing, for example in the delectably insouciant bird song fluting of the garden scene. Again when the two heroes had their vital batteries recharged by the latest device, Dr Mesmer' magnet, the performance itself was restored to life.

So why could not the whole have been a great as some of its parts? The fault wa not in the stars. Perhaps Richard van Allan was unusually lithe and sprightly for th George Sanders role of the cynical Don Alfonso. But a man that is young in years may be old in hours, and this Don has certainly lost no time. He might have been more solid and mature vocally, though, a befits the foundation of the whole imbroglio and much of the ensemble. Norma Burrowe as Despina was vivacious and knowing ye

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admirably restrained and secure. Thomas Allen as Gugliemo and Ryland Davies as Ferrando were also excellent; but their twin costumes looked too monozygotic, as if (like the Gondoliers) they were one individual. Similarly Kiri te Kanawa as Fiordiligi and Josephine Veasey as Dorabella both looked and sounded beautiful; but (apart from the nice nuance that Dorabella's dress was rather warmer in tone, to match her temperament) they too seemed insufficiently distinguishable, whether visually or dramatically. As a matter of logic, *Così fan tutte* is a universal proposition. Yet the characters must surely come to life as real individuals before they can symbolise humanity at large. In this aim the orchestra, though sensitively and fluently conducted by Steuart Bedford, was not always helpful enough. The overdrive and tension of the overture took rather too long to relax. Still, it's not surprising if an erotic tragi-comedy should somewhat misfire on the first night. With so many talents and assets it must surely find metaphysical fulfilment soon.

Films

John Coleman

Viewer's Digest

The Incredible Sarah *Empire*
The Bad News Bears *Plaza 2*
Survive! *ABC Shaftesbury Avenue; Scene; ABCs Fulham and Edgware Roads*

What little one thought to know of the life and times of the actress Bernhardt (1844-1923) has now been largely borne out by Richard Fleischer's *The Incredible Sarah*: on a stretcher. An opening title warns us to expect 'a free portrayal of events in her early tempestuous career' (and the film is a product of the *Reader's Digest* factory), but nothing – short of an outright apology – could prepare the way for these mangled, mendacious fragments. Not even our divine Glenda Jackson, here chewing in at that famous mouth like fury, can do more than justice to a higgledy-piggledy script ascribed to Ruth Wolff (word has it that several other hands came, scribbled a line or so, and went). Miss Jackson has never seemed so ill at ease, whether giving us a fine, hammy scrap of Phèdre, a thoroughly modern bit as Joan of Arc, a disaster-prone first appearance as a maid in *Un Chapeau de paille d'Italie*, or fugitive glimpses of flighty offstage behaviour; she is, cunningly enough, probably at her peak in an impossible impersonation when caught taking her curtain-calls, eyes glancing shrewdly from side to side, weighing and then wooing the applause. And the applause is soon rolling in like thunder, notably after that St Joan, with which the actress both inaugurates her own theatre and overcomes an audience primed – after vilifying reports of her behaviour in England – with cabbages and insults. This triumph ends the revels, with S.B. apparently in her mid-thirties.

In real life, the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt opened when the lady was around 55. It also appears improbable that its façade would have read SARAH BERNHARDT THEATRE. But, then, it is hard to conceive of a metropolitan railway terminal, even back in those primitive old 1880s, whose arrival platform might have carried the simple sign LONDON. The prevailing style could best be described as Viewer's Digestive: it comes as the deuce of a shock when a cartoon slips through, the authentic thing after Sarah had felled a leading lady, labelled 'La Chute du Grand Chêne'. I bet someone got a wigging for that. Elsewhere, Sarah is found quietly delivering La Fontaine at an audition, being saved from suicide by a Belgian prince who fathers her son (she refuses to marry him), having Daniel Massey as the playwright Sardou hover round her, playing Florence Nightingale to a dying soldier during a snatch of the Franco-Prussian war, pinching a fellow-trouper's Greek gigolo boyfriend and wedding him disastrously – all this, and more, in the space of 106 absolutely pointless minutes. A 'free' portrayal? It's still dear at the price.

The Bad News Bears is kept pretty much this side of cuteness by the astute direction of Michael Ritchie (who made *The Candidate* and *Smile*) and the omnipresence of that expert in super-slobbery, Walter Matthau. Never has Matthau used the loping, stooping, dishevelled elements of his technique to better effect. Here he is Buttermaker, a one-time minor league baseball pro reduced to cleaning Californian pools to maintain himself in the drinking style to which he is accustomed. He is suddenly hired to coach a hopeless squad of kids for the local Little League. How, by hook and more than somewhat by crook, his Bears climb to – nearly – winning the league, and why – at the last minute – they fail to, furnish the plot and moral of the fable. As in *Smile*, the one about beauty contests, Ritchie shows his mastery of dangerous material: in this case, kids.

Three I recognise as accredited professionals: Tatum O'Neal, as the tomboyish 11-year-old Amanda, coming up to a Lolitan 12, daughter of a lady Buttermaker ended an affair with a couple of years back; Jackie Earle Haley (from *Day of the Locust*) as diminutive, gangsterish Kelly; and bespectacled Alfred W. Lutter from *Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More*. The rest, who include a very fat boy, a black boy, a delicate boy and another, Tanner (Chris Barnes), as tough as his language, are magnificent, even if Tanner sums them up disgustedly as 'Jews, spics, niggers, pansies and one booger-eating moron'. By the same verbal tokenism, coach is 'a cruddy alky'. A lot of hard work must have gone into engineering this (carefully) assorted bunch into a team in both senses. And it is worth keeping an alert eye and ear for sideline stuff. His team's uniforms have been begged from a bail-bond firm; Amanda, a natural taught earlier by Buttermaker and bribed to join the awkward squad, has vaseline under the peak of her cap to aid her pitching; there is a rapid shot of a pizza created in the form of a baseball field. It is excellent fun, and sustained.

Survive! is you-have-been-warned matter, drawn from Clay Blair Jr's book about that 1972 plane crash in the Andes. 'The depiction of *cannibalism* in this film may be too intense for sensitive people!' What we have is 85½ minutes, dubbed and boiled down by Allan Carr and Robert Stigwood from (I was informed) over 2½ hours of a Mexican-staffed original. Dull, though the carnivorous scenes link interestingly with one's reactions to that superb documentarist Frederick Wiseman's *Meat*, to be shown at this year's LFF. The festival opens next Monday and, with some 90 movies spread over just three weeks, should provide something for everyone. Reports in due course.

Art

John Spurling

Blur Boys

Camden Town Recalled *Fine Art Society, London, until 12 November; Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, 20 November-12 December*

Some of the darts one feels like throwing at the Camden Town Group have already been thrown by the critics who saw their work when it was first exhibited in 1911-12. The *Daily Telegraph* thought Spencer Frederick Gore 'conscientious in his modernity, a competent painter of dull, everyday impressions'; *The Times* compared Harold Gilman's nudes unfavourably with Sickert's ('Mr Gilman's colour seems rather to be imposed upon his subject'); while the *Morning Post* said of Robert Bevan's cab paintings, 'They will undoubtedly repel you at first unless you have been through the Paris Autumn salon cure.'

But most of these comments were only the spice to more kindly judgments from men who were still reeling under the effect of Roger Fry's post-Impressionist show the previous winter: 'though we may grieve, and feel saddened, bewildered, by the garishness and the horror of it all, we must not wholly avert our faces' (*Daily Telegraph*); 'an abandonment of what Goethe called "the cultural conquests" of the past' (*The Times*); 'if the movement is spreading, it should be treated like the rat plague in Suffolk' (*Morning Post*). The gap between the critics' apoplexy over Van Gogh, Cézanne, Gauguin and above all Matisse (whom Augustus John called 'a charlatan, but an ingenious one') and their guardedly favourable response to English painters who had borrowed from them is some measure of how skin-deep the borrowings go.

Camden Town Recalled is in two parts: a collection of paintings by those artists associated with Sickert from 1907-12 when he was living in Camden Town and holding weekly 'At Homes' in Fitzroy Street, and a representative selection from the three Carfax Gallery exhibitions which were the climax of the Camden Town movement. Except for Henry Lamb, whose paintings honour their debt to French influences with a clarity and authority which suggest the

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artist is confident he can repay it in his own coin, the more these painters drew on Impressionism the weaker their paintings look. Thus Sickert's dark interiors – shabby rooms with a nude on the bed and perhaps a subfusc gentleman sitting against the light – make their own muted but powerful effect. But *Sally, The Hat* in which everything, even the nude, has grown uncharacteristically bright and blotchy, makes no effect at all except as an uneasy piece of technical borrowing.

This is even more noticeable if one compares Gore's successfully suggestive *Morning: The Green Dress*, after Sickert, with his vacuously stippled *Reclining Nude*, or Gilman's clear, low-toned *In Sickert's House, Neuville* with his thick, vague, multicoloured nudes. The Impressionist influence seems to be drawn over these paintings like a veil, blotting out the particular, hiding forms instead of revealing them, reducing everything to a well-meaning blur. As a piece of history the exhibition is admirable – with an excellent catalogue by Wendy Baron – but it demonstrates conclusively that we can think of the Camden Town Group as essentially Sickert steaming along his own course with a few small craft bobbing in his wake.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Watch My Smoke

Art Tatum: 'The Tatum Group Masterpieces' *Pablo 2625 706 (Boxed set of 8 LPs, not available separately)* £29.50

Oscar Peterson and Roy Eldridge, Oscar Peterson and Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson and Harry Edison, Oscar Peterson and Clark Terry, Oscar Peterson and Jon Faddis *Pablo* 2310 739-43 £3.25 each

It's a trait of the British to nurse a soft spot for people who succeed against the odds: climbing Everest, winning the pools, living to be 100. Partly a liking for gamblers, partly a belief that difficulty is its own reward, the attitude is complemented by a popular aesthetic which presupposes that what appears hard to do must be good. That's why drum solos get the loudest applause, why saloon bar tenors wobble on top notes, why jugglers muff the penultimate feat. Artistry may be intangible but everyone can cheer technique.

That's the reason for Oscar Peterson, a pianist who never makes his playing look easy, being the jazz musician best known to the average Briton. And why, had television only been around in the Thirties and Forties, Art Tatum might have made it here too. What the two performers share is lavishness, a prodigality of technique which dazzles the listener. Yet, were that all, Tatum's records wouldn't go on being reissued; nor would Peterson excite the same awe in his piano-playing contemporaries.

Both men are capable of being betrayed by this virtuosity; the elaborate runs, those arpeggios rattled off with never a fluff or flurry, can take on the appearance of overkill. But, at their best, technique gets used as a game, a way of pushing the players into taxing situations. 'It's a good idea to practise making deliberate mistakes,' Tatum once told another pianist, 'to see how quickly you can recover.'

Although they have mostly appeared in public as soloists or with trios, both Tatum and Peterson in everyday life indulged in plenty of that musical socialising that jazzmen go in for after hours. Not that this ever quashed Tatum's urge to compete: no pianist delighted more in 'cutting' his fellows, even if it took until long after dawn to reduce them to impotence. Yet he could be fair about it: 'I won't take you on now', Tatum once told Bud Powell, who was in his cups, 'but come in tomorrow sober and anything you play with your right hand I'll play with my left.'

Egotism of that order might seem the kiss of death for the consorting that goes on in *The Tatum Group Masterpieces*, LPs recorded in 1955 and 1956, where Tatum is flanked by a few of his peers. Those with the weightiest personas come off best: Ben Webster, for instance, by that time no longer the piratical tenor saxophonist of Duke Ellington's band but the possessor of the most sumptuous tone in jazz, demonstrating how the sound could be the man.

It was one way of keeping your end up with Tatum. Another was to meet the pianist on his own terms, pitting technique against technique, a method followed by the clarinettist, Buddy De Franco. Unlucky enough to arrive on the jazz scene at the very moment when bebop took over and his instrument suffered an eclipse, De Franco mixed lessons learnt from Goodman and Shaw with newer harmonic ideas. Here he comes off better than Harry Edison and Barney Kessel, better even than Roy Eldridge (a bit subdued, for once) but not so coruscatingly as Lionel Hampton or the gentlemanly Benny Carter.

Carter improvises on the alto saxophone like the composer he is, developing his solos logically, even in such high-speed performances as 'Idaho'. The essence of his playing lies in its seamless phrasing, its elegant poise; Carter has probably blown only one dirty note in his career (that rasp can be heard on a Mezz Mezzrow record, 'Apologies') yet he plays as lowdown as he can in 'Blues in B Flat', where Tatum shows how his style overlapped that of the Harlem 'stride' pianists.

Only three blues turn up among the 59 titles on the eight Art Tatum LPs. Tatum could play them all right, but generally preferred to use the more challenging harmonies of Broadway show tunes. And for a man of whom Miles Davis once remarked, in a bitchy moment, that 'He had to learn how to play the blues', Oscar Peterson copes admirably well. Several blues, as it happens, can be found among the series of duets between Peterson and the five trumpeters, a species of jousting that stretches back beyond Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines to King Oliver and Jelly Roll.

Peterson, of course, is a much friendlier pianist to have at your elbow than Tatum, not at all the dedicated loner. And partnering these trumpeters may have proved – or so it sounds – a more exhilarating context than the familiar options of his own trio. The youngest trumpeter, Jon Faddis, was 21 when the recordings were made last year but instead of reflecting the loose patterns of latterday jazz he prefers the earlier, tighter disciplines. Clark Terry and Harry Edison never let their standards drop; Dizzy Gillespie can, but not here.

The outstanding trumpeter, however, is Roy Eldridge, now in his mid-sixties yet always prepared to take risks. That these don't always come off means less than our awareness of his improvising being the real thing, an on-the-spot creation. And none of the other soloists equals the passion he summons up in 'She's Funny That Way'. That is, incidentally, one of several tracks on which Oscar Peterson plays organ. Elsewhere on these LPs, of course, Peterson sticks to the piano, revealing himself to be not only the virtuoso we already knew about but a romping one-man rhythm section too.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Watchdog

One of the most repellent headlines I've come across in weeks appeared in Monday's *Evening Standard*. Cyril Bennett's death had been announced that morning and there had been tentative speculation in the press about the stress Bennett had been working under lately; personal problems were hinted at and, of course, mention was made of London Weekend's poor Saturday night ratings. No one, though, was prepared to go further than that – after all, the man's body had been found only a few hours earlier. No one, that is, except the *Standard*. As far as they were concerned, the inquest had already taken place: their page three banner read: 'In TV, you're only as good as your latest ratings.' Below the headline was a large picture of Bennett's block of flats (death window ringed).

It's hard to get more cocksurely cheap than that, it seems to me, but how do you protest? Write a letter that will get tucked away on page 15 if it appears at all? Report them to the Press Council and wait around for weeks for some pompously phrased 'verdict'? Neither alternative quite slakes the indignation so you just turn purple for a bit and then forget it. Or, if you can stay awake long enough, you might hope to see the *Standard* rapped on *What the Papers Say* (Granada), which last week celebrated 20 years of modestly adept vigilance over matters of this kind and is still the nearest thing we have to a court of appeal against the mindlessly snap judgments of our daily press. Interestingly enough, producer Brian Morris recalls in last week's *Listener* that one of the reasons for ITV setting up the programme in the first place was to counter a Beaverbrook press campaign against the new commercial channel. Some vulgar fellow

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on the *Standard* clearly thinks the feud's still on.

The anniversary edition of *What the Papers Say* had a gift subject – the programme's first transmission was in the week of Hungary and Suez – and Brian Inglis amiably browsed among the antique prints ('Let the Cry Babies Howl, It's Great Britain Again', enthused the *Sketch* as Eden limbered up for the attack). The cuttings revealed an impressive range of dottiness and inconsistency and were introduced with that fond, mocking air of resignation that has become the house style of the show – inevitably, since the presenters are themselves drawn from the guilty trade. I've been one of them, so I'd better limit my respectfulness to passing on a protest from my mum: she'd love to watch it, but she can't afford the cocoa.

Fantasies about the Street were the topic of last week's *The Big Time* (BBC-1). The idea of this jauntingly condescending series is to confront some ordinary person with a real-life enactment of his wildest dream – a kind of This is *Not* Your Life way of reminding nonentities that up here it's not as easy as it looks. The episode I saw had Esther Rantzen arranging for a parish priest to edit *The Times* Diary for a day. The simpering cleric (who'd turned to God after failing to get a job on the *Willesden Chronicle*) was led up the garden path to PHS – 'Well, Jimmy, here's *The Times*'; 'Gosh, it's big isn't it?' – and was there subjected to a series of humiliating tests, each of which he unendearingly contrived to bungle. Now and again a gnarled pro would try to slip him some advice – there were entertainingly world-weary sequences with Alan Brien and Malcolm Muggeridge – and from time to time William Rees-Mogg would pat him on the head, but he remained throughout in such a twittering state of awe that one could hardly bear to look at him.

Horizon's dramatised report on the great Los Angeles insurance fraud (BBC-2) has already been widely praised, and rightly; my only reservation was that it could have been twice as long. Marvellously well acted and with a tight, sardonic script, it none the less seemed over-brisk in its treatment of some of the heist's knottier refinements. For instance, the whole racket depended on underwriters buying phoney insurance policies by the cartful, but at no point did we get a look at these obliging chaps – what did *they* think was going on? Still, many other complications *were* explained, and with riveting efficiency.

Weekend Competition

No 2438 Set by Pat Blackford

It would appear from the bookstalls that if you want to have adventures, or make confessions, you need to become a driving instructor, window cleaner, lorry driver, etc. Competitors are asked to rectify this bias by providing salacious extracts from *Confessions of a Book Reviewer, Adventures of a Theatre Critic* – and so on. Up to 150 words by 26 November.

Result of No 2435 Set by Stephen Corrin

Competitors were asked to rewrite *Land of Hope and Glory* in the light of Mrs Thatcher's 'Land of Beg and Borrow'.

Report by Little Keith

Our competitors, it seems, are paranoid about the pound. I don't blame them. I'm paranoid about it too. I'm even more paranoid about it now, having weighed this huge, and hugely doleful, comp. Oh all right then: seven each.

Land of Beg and Borrow, Patron of the Skint,
How shall we bewail thee – in phrases
fit to print?
Deeper still and deeper thy credit stands
in hock;
Of erstwhile foe and ally, the jibe, the sneer,
the mock.
But plunging yet still lower than e'en the
hapless pound,
Are those whose unctuous accents
unceasingly resound
With 'patriotic' pledges to eschew all
party strife,
The better 'neath that artful cloak to ply
the furtive knife.

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

Land of Beg and Borrow, our Margaret's
got it pat,
How we shall extol you when you go
into bat:
Greater still and greater shall Great Britain be
With croquet on the Vicar's lawn and the
Gentry in for tea,
With Vigilants about the streets and we
safe in our beds,
No trade or truck with Russians, with
Atheists or Reds.

Land of Hope and Tory makes all of us
quite free,
When working chaps touch forelocks
to Aristocracy,
When all is peace with Unions and income
tax quite low,
And children go to Eton from Bethnal
Green and Bow;
Fairies in my garden all say they'll vote
for you;
I believe in fairies and know that you do too.

P. W. R. FOOT

Land of Beg and Borrow – shorter hours,
more pay!
Never mind tomorrow, We want jam today!
Deeper still and deeper sinking into debt –
Denis, we can't face it, Please don't wake
us yet.
Land of Jones and Scanlon, where the
working class,
Taught to feel resentment, won't get off
its arse.
'Live within our income? Brothers, that's
not on;
We shall keep on spending, till our
credit's gone.'
Crippled by inflation, millions on the dole; –
Poor long-suffering nation going down the hole;
Louder lows the Heffer, bolder waxes Benn:
'Brothers, bust the country – we shall rule
it then.'

B. BLACKLEY

Tony Miles

Chess

No 7 The Modern Defence

One of the most popular openings in recent years has been the so-called Modern Defence. The name itself is rather a compromise since the system has been and still is known as the Robatsch, the Pirc, the Ufimtsev, and even the Rat, in various parts of the world. The defence is characterised by the moves 1. . . . P-KN3 and 2. . . . B-N2 against almost any play by white, and avoids contesting the centre with pawns, relying on pressurising the white pawn centre with pieces. In this way it almost eliminates the opening stage altogether, introducing a tense middle game situation from the first move.

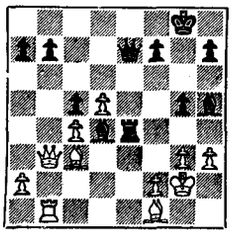
By its very nature the opening is provocative – many a game has been lost by white overreacting in an attempt to 'punish' his opponent – and this has been exaggerated recently by experiments involving early advances on the Q-side to establish a favourable pawn structure, even before completing the development of the K-side. One of the leading experimenters in this field is John Nunn, the former European Junior Champion and Britain's youngest holder of the International Master title. This week's game was played by him in the England and France match at the Olympiad in Haifa.

White: J. Letzelter. Black: J. D. M. Nunn.

1. P-K4, P-KN3; 2. P-Q4, B-N2; 3. N-QB3, P-Q3; 4. B-K3, P-QR3. The start of the Q-side advance. **5. Q-Q2, P-QN4; 6. P-B3, N-Q2; 7. P-QR4, P-N5; 8. N-Q1, R-N1.** More flexible than either 8. . . . P-QB4 or 8. . . . P-QR4. **9. P-R5.** A dubious idea. Better is 9. B-QB4. 9. . . . **KN-B3; 10. R-R4?!, P-B4; 11. P x P, P x P.** Now the white rook looks somewhat foolish. **12. B-KB4, R-R1; 13. B-B4, 0-0; 14. P-N4?** With the Q-file open and his QR misplaced white cannot afford the luxury of a K-side pawn storm. 14. N-K2 is preferable. **14. . . . B-N2; 15. N-K2, Q-B1; 16. N-N3, R-Q1; 17. Q-K2, P-K3; 18. P-R4?, N-Q4!; 19. B-KN5.** If 19. P x N, P x P; 20. B-N3, R-K1 with a clear advantage. **19. . . . QB2!; 20. B x R, R x B; 21. P x N, P x P; 22. N-K4.** Or 22. B-N3, Q x N ch; 23. Q-B2, R-K1 ch; 24. K-B1, Q-B5 and black's attack far outweighs the slight material deficit. **22. . . . P x N; 23. P x P, Q-N6 ch; 24. N-B2.** Or 24. Q-B2, Q x NP. **24. . . . B-Q5.** The 'Modern Bishop' comes to life. **25. P-B3.** Loses, but if instead 25. R-B1, N-K4 is murderous. **25. . . . P x P; 26. P x P, B x N ch; 27. Q x B, Q x P ch; 28. Q-Q2.** Short of time white collapses, but 28. K-B1, N-K4; 29. B-Q5, B x B; 30. P x B, R x P was also hopeless. **28. . . . Q x Q ch; 29. K x Q, N-N3 ch; 30. B-Q5, N x R; 31. K-B2, B x B; 32. P x B, R x P; 33. R-R1, R-Q5; 34. R-QN1, R x P; 35. R-N8 ch, K-N2; 36. R-QR8, P-B5; 37. R x P, R-N7 ch; 38. K-B1, N-B4; 39. R-QB6, N-N6 ch; Resigns.**

Problem 7:

Black to play.
How should the
game go?
Entries to me at the
NEW STATESMAN
postmarked
not later than
24 November.



Solution to Problem 5

1. . . . P-N3!! (threatening . . . Q-R4); **2. B-K4, P-Q4!;** (creating a necessary breathing space) **3. B x QP, R-R2; 4. Q-B3, R-B2!** and if 5. Q x R, Q-R8 ch; 6. K-B2, Q x N ch; 7. R-K3, B-Q2; or 7. K-K2, Q x B; The game finished **5. B-B6 ch, B-Q2; 6. N x P, R x P ch; 7. B x R, R x Q; Resigns.**

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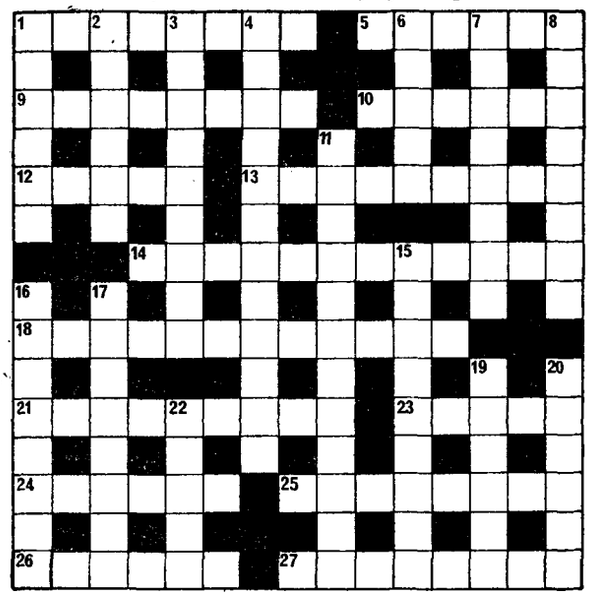
Weekend Crossword 1190

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1190, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 23 Nov.



ACROSS

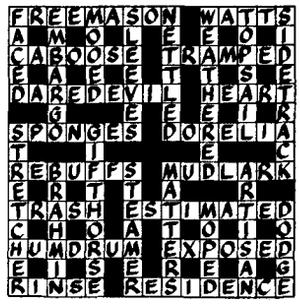
1. Gosh, smashed into smithereens, these important people! (3, 5).
5. Those who work for the county? (6).
9. Pretend to be ill to make mother stay (8).
10. See 11 down (6).
12. Notices about ten but one of these is male (5).
13. If heartless Richard would be a possible relation (9).
14. Performance in front of the ground gives a key to the players (7, 5).
18. Having abandoned the East the artist might be calling home (12).
21. A peaceful race meeting, we hear, and it brings good luck to the rider (3, 6).
23. The flower of the ensemble (5).
24. The cartoonist has lost his father but the children are still there (6).
25. Providing fertility for a chap with universal symbol of marriage (8).
26. Attempts works of literature (6).
27. Literary woman who puts it in oriental guise (8).

DOWN

1. Confuse decoration with custom (6).
2. Loose among a cheerful company of stars (6).
3. Means of making sharp but fair single (9).
4. Drawing competition gives opportunity to the choirboy (6, 6).
6. Bodily part of what one should do unto others (5).
7. Foolish creatures, they melt in the mouth (8).
8. To retire over a year short is not smooth (8).
11. & 10. across. Where to find an S (3, 9, 6).
15. Plot value adjusted for the big leap (4, 5).
16. Friendly, but without a taxi it would be some distance! (8).
17. Hurries for second dishes (8).
19. The aim is to go round the retreating object (6).
20. Dish for an old woman and some soldiers (6).
22. 'Where houses thick and sewers —— the air' (Milton) (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1188



Prizewinners to No 1188

M. Collins (Wembley)
V. C. C. Saunders (Oxford)
Miss M. Jones (Bolton)

APPOINTMENTS

FREE FORM ARTS TRUST LTD.

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to work with Arts organisation. Typing/PR/general office duties — some accounts. £40 p.w. + NI. Experience of arts admin. an advantage. For details write: **Free Form Arts Trust Ltd, 38 Dalston Lane, E8 3AZ. Tel: 01-249 3394.**

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Write, or telephone for application form to:

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London W1 (01-580 0521)

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Secretarial assistant required for director responsible for editing three monthly magazines, and advertising and information campaigns for various Arab clients. Work will involve dealing with mail, research, liaison with typesetters, printers, contributors etc. Ability to work on own initiative and accurate typing essential.

Apply with full details and salary required to: **Louis Eaks, Director, Eurabia Ltd., 12 Cannon Row, London SW1A 2JJ**

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Applications are invited for the

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TUTOR ORGANISER

for Leicester and District. Applicants should hold a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to adult education, preferably in the field of Social Sciences. The salary scale (under review) is:

Grade 1. £2,595 x £126 (2) to £2,847.

Grade 11. £2,973 x £126 x £180 x £219 (8) x £231 to a normal maximum of £5,262.

The starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience. Particulars from District Secretary, (NS) Workers' Educational Association, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham NG1 4GF.

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for battered wives and emotionally disturbed women, with children, at Heywood, near Manchester, needs a matron worth more than the small wage plus accommodation we can at present afford to pay. Might suit man and wife, with children.

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Portia Trust, 38 Fisher St., Workington, Cumbria.

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requires a

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for its Eastern Region

Salary scale: £2,265-£3,200 per annum.

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Particulars and application form from The Administrative Secretary, UNA, 93 Albert Embankment, London SE1 7TX.

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needed for lively pressure group to establish information service and assist with campaign activities.

For a job description and application form write by 22 November to Mike Daube, Executive Director, ASH, 22/35 Mortimer Street, London W1N 7RJ.

COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEERS

The National Volunteer Agency

CHILDREN IN CARE PROGRAMME

The Department of Health and Social Security has funded CSV to establish five experimental local programmes to involve children in care (15-18) in full-time social service projects as an alternative to residential placement. This will further develop CSV's work with children in trouble. The five workers will operate from social service departments, and be trained and supported by CSV. The task will include:

a) encouraging social workers to suggest young people who might benefit from the scheme
b) interviewing, placing and supporting the young people in their projects
c) identifying suitable placements for individual children

We are looking for creative, diplomatic and conscientious colleagues, with a capacity for independent work and co-operation at all levels. The posts will be based in Bolton, Kingston upon Thames, London and the Home Counties. Salary will be on the AP3 scale (£3,234-£3,594) plus London Weighting (£435) where appropriate.

Informal enquiries to Andrea Kelmanson, job description and application form from: **Wendy Ruff, Community Service Volunteers, 237 Pentonville Road, London N1,** Telephone 01-278 6601.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

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Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

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This appointment is available from *March 1977 in the Department* of International Relations, whose alternate Heads are Professors J. D. B. Miller and Hedley Bull. The Department is interested in a wide range of international questions, including the theory of world politics, the international politics of the Asian-Pacific region and the Third World, Australian foreign and defence policies, strategic studies, and the politics of international economics. Applicants may be qualified in any of these fields, but preference will be given to candidates whose interests lie in the theoretical or systematic study of world politics. Further information may be obtained from Professor Miller or Professor Bull.

Closing Date: 31 January 1977.

SALARY: Salary on appointment to the post will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the range: Research Fellow $A13,552-$17,876 p.a.; current exchange rates $A1 = UK74p; $US1.24.

OTHER CONDITIONS: Tenure as Research Fellow normally for three years in the first instance with possibility of re-appointment to five years.

Reasonable travel expenses are paid and assistance with housing is given. Superannuation benefits are available.

The University reserves the right *not to make an appointment or* to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should apply to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF for further particulars.

BUSINESS CAREERS: Discuss matters with a trained interviewer. Call and discover the surprisingly wide range of career opportunities in Central London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 836 6644.

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CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION AND TRAINING IN SOCIAL WORK

SOCIAL WORK

...training is a must if you plan to help!

Universities and colleges offering professional qualifying courses for work in the social services are now considering applications for the autumn of 1977.

For those wanting to qualify in all settings and services the appropriate courses lead to the Certificate of Qualification in Social Work (**CQSW**) awarded by the Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work (**CCETSW**).

Some courses are specifically designed for students over the age of 30.

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Many CQSW courses now include study and practice in residential and day centre work. Other courses in residential work only are available (NOTE: jobs in residential homes do not necessarily involve living in). Those wishing to qualify as teachers instructors of mentally handicapped adults can study for the Diploma in the Training and Further Education of Mentally Handicapped Adults awarded by CCETSW.

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Most universities and colleges have arranged for applications to be handled by a clearing house system, which saves you applying to courses individually. For a list of all courses as well as for information about grant aid and the application procedure, fill in the form below.

CCETSW Information Service (Dept 600)
26 Bloomsbury Way
London WC1A 2SR

CCETSW

Please send me information about courses of training for work in the social services. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope of at least 10" x 7"

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

Tick the relevant box:

I have a degree/am studying for a degree ☐
I hope to study for a degree ☐
I do not have a degree ☐
I am interested in residential work ☐
I am interested in work with mentally handicapped adults ☐

STAT

UNIVERSITY OF REGINA
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

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Teaching positions are available in a program emphasising an extension/continuing education studies approach to Social Work education. The Faculty offers a B.S.W. and is introducing a Master's degree program. Curriculum and evaluative research opportunities. Visiting Professor appointment will be considered.

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1 January 1977

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Faculty of Social Work
University of Regina,
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Canada S4S 0A2

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The evening we would like to meet you is Monday November 15th, but if this is impossible, we will certainly arrange an alternative. Have our interview programme take care of the arrangements for you.

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LONDON NW3: The Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required for January 1977, an experienced, graduate teacher (Science). Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply, in writing, to Dr Paul at above address.

MATURE, SENSIBLE PERSON required as housekeeper for family for beautiful home in Surrey. 4 children in family, eldest 2 in boarding school. Car driver essential. Salary negotiable. Please telephone Mrs Frisby, 720 6391 between 9 & 5.30 p.m.

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Members are provided with a bedroom and Continental breakfast for £6.48. Lunch and Dinner: £1.75.

In addition The Sloane Room, Bar, Library, quiet rooms and 24 hours porterage are all that you would expect from a London club.

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The Sloane Club

52 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1W 8BS

Accommodation Wanted

LADY AND SON (7) urgently require house/flat share. Mutual childminding etc. Phone *Moss, 997 9874 weekdays.*

AUSTRALIAN FAMILY on Sabbatical, seeks house near inner London, 6 months from 6 January approx. Write Hartwig, History, Macquarie University, Sydney, Australia.

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ANTHONY'S HOUSEMOTHER is due to retire just when he starts secondary school. We are now anxious to find, for this highly intelligent West Indian boy of 10, a permanent home where he can continue to develop as well as he has done up to now. In the summer Anthony sometimes gets asthma but his excellent relationship with his Housemother and his lively personality should make him a rewarding child to take into a family. If you feel you could offer a secure place in your family to Anthony, or would like more information about doing so, please contact Mrs G. Wayne, Tottenham Town Hall, 808 1000, ext. 120.

ELIZABETH IS A 4 YEAR OLD, intelligent, attractive child who has been in and out of care. She desperately needs a loving family where she will be the youngest by at least 3 years. Her mother is likely to maintain contact and visit. If you live within 50 miles of London, love children and are looking for a challenging and rewarding experience, please contact: Adoption and Fostering Section (Ref. SS/AA/SEB), Social Services Department, Westminster City Council, City Hall, Victoria Street, London SW1. Telephone 01-828 8070 ext. 2248.

SINGLE PARENT with £4,000 seeks others to buy house in London. Box 5806.

BLOOMSBURY 1919/1939: *Would any ex-*members of the West Central Collegiate School contact Box 5821.

'MODERATE' former candidate, gravely concerned to reverse both Britain's and the Labour Party's continual decline, seeks selection by a sane, responsible constituency party – reasonably marginal or, preferably, whose MP is retiring (voluntarily) – if you feel like making contact, please do not merely think about it. Box 5855.

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POLESDEN LACEY OPEN AIR THEATRE Auditions, Barn Hall, Church Rd, Great Bookham, Surrey. Sun. 5 Dec (10.30) 'A Man for All Seasons' (3.0) 'Macbeth', Sun 12 Dec. (3.0) 'As You Like It'. Proposed productions 22 June to 9 July. Information Bookham 52863.

WORRIED ABOUT THE NATIONAL Front? Hot off the press by the same team that gave you 'Exposing the Hatemongers', our new four-page illustrated leaflet, 'The National Front is a Nazi Front', is now available for mass distribution. Price of £10 *per thousand includes delivery cost.* Also new printing of 'Hatemongers' leaflet at £5 per thousand. Order today from Woburn Press, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London WC1.

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ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION: Moslem donors required by Fertility Clinic in London. Fee payable. Write to Box 5823.

SMALL ORGANISATIONS Office Centre. New building by public gardens on edge of City two minutes from tube station. Office suites for let to small organisations and firms. Write Institute of Community Studies, 18 Victoria Park Square, E2 9PF.

FAMILIES NEEDED for French au pairs 12-30 Dec. Vac-Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford. Tel. 41978.

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Courses

Continued from page 696

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or from: Elizabeth Laird (DALC), National Centre for Industrial Language Training, The Pathway Centre, Recreation Road, Southall, Middlesex (01-574 4711).

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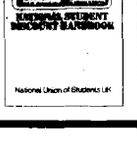

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Vol. 92 No. 2382

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Theatres

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WRITERS AND ACTORS WORKSHOP. Sunday 14/21 Nov. at the Green Man, 383 Euston Rd, NW1 opp. Gt. Portland St. tube. Entrance 50p. All welcome. Forthcoming programme being arranged. Your scripts welcome for consideration.

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DJIBOUTI – Political Dynamite on the Horn of Africa. Lunchtime talk by Mejid Hussein, research fellow at International African Institute. Wed. 17 Nov. 1 p.m. Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 836 1973.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A course of two Lectures in Economics entitled: 'America Observed: From Great Britain and France' will be given by Professor Stephen Graubard (Brown University, Mass., USA) at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE. The dates are as follows: (1) 18 November 1976: 'In the Time of Tocqueville'; (2) 23 November 1976: 'In the Time of Laski'. Both lectures will be held at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunchhour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 16 Nov. 'Marx and Heine – a Strange Friendship' by Professor C. Abramsky; 18 Nov. How Long is that Piece of String? – a light-hearted demonstration of modern distance measurement techniques' by Mr A. L. Allan.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'The Declaratory Judgment – Some Recent Developments' will be given by Professor Isaac Zamir (The Hebrew University of Jerusalem) at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1 at 5 p.m., on Thursday, 18 November. Adm. free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

FRANCOIS CHATELET, Professeur à l'Université Paris-Vincennes, will give a lecture on 'Situation de la philosophie française contemporaine' on Tuesday 16 November at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211. ext. 38. Admission free.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Two Theories of Authority' will be given by Professor A. J. M. Milne (Professor of Political Theory and Institutions at University of Durham) at The London School of Economics, (Board Room), Houghton St, London WC2A 2AE at 5 p.m., on Monday, 15 November 1976. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

'MORRIS & MEDIEVALISM – a reconsideration' William Morris Centre, Kelmscott House, 26 Upper Mall, W6. Talks & discussion. £3.00 (inc. buffet lunch). 01-748 5618.

SIR LESLIE SCARMAN will give the 57th Conway Memorial Lecture 'The Common Law and Ethical Principle' at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday 16 November, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. SPES. 20p.

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THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Sun. 14 November 7 p.m. at 50 Gloucester Place, W1, lecture by Mr Christmas Humphreys, 'The Teachings of Theosophy'.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 13 Nov. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 16 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 17 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Mahayana & Theravada Buddhism' – Two separate study classes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

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